

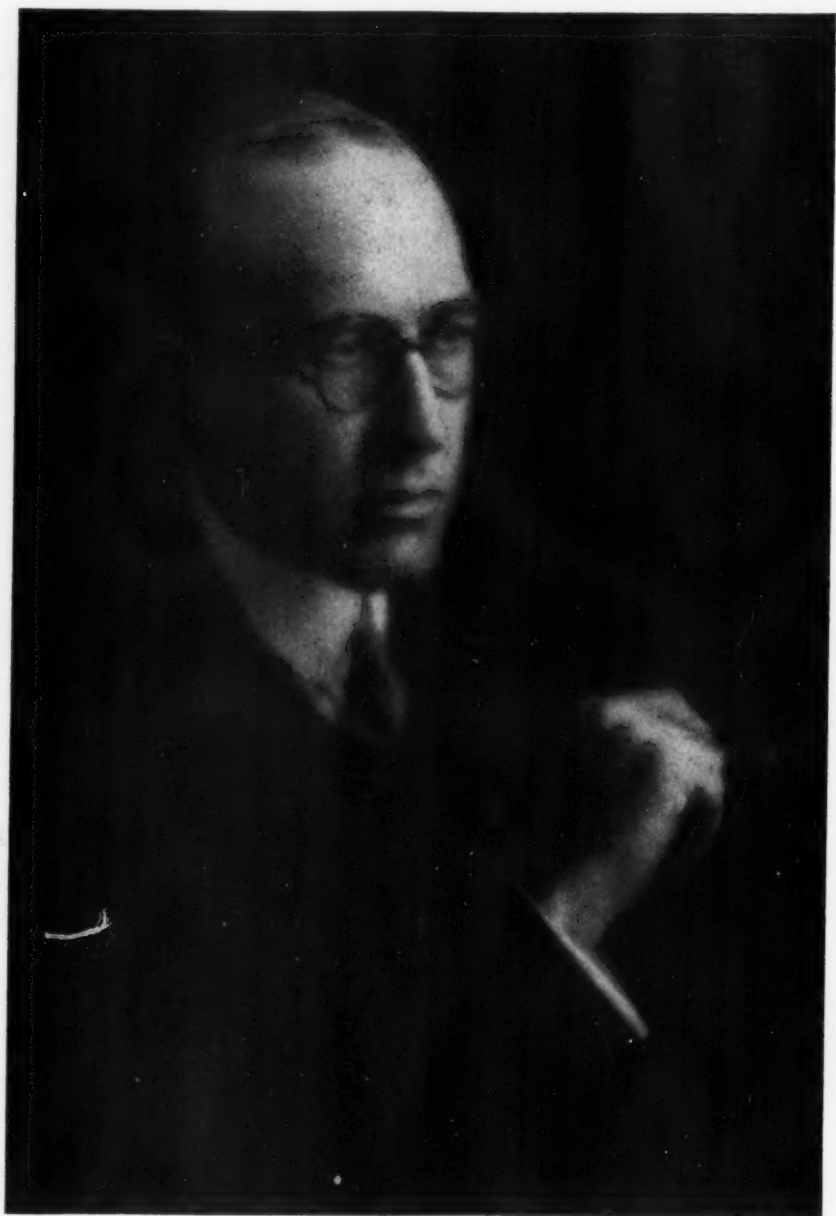
OCTOBER 22, 1921

Leslie's

PRICE 15 Cents



Painted from a Copyrighted Photograph
by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.



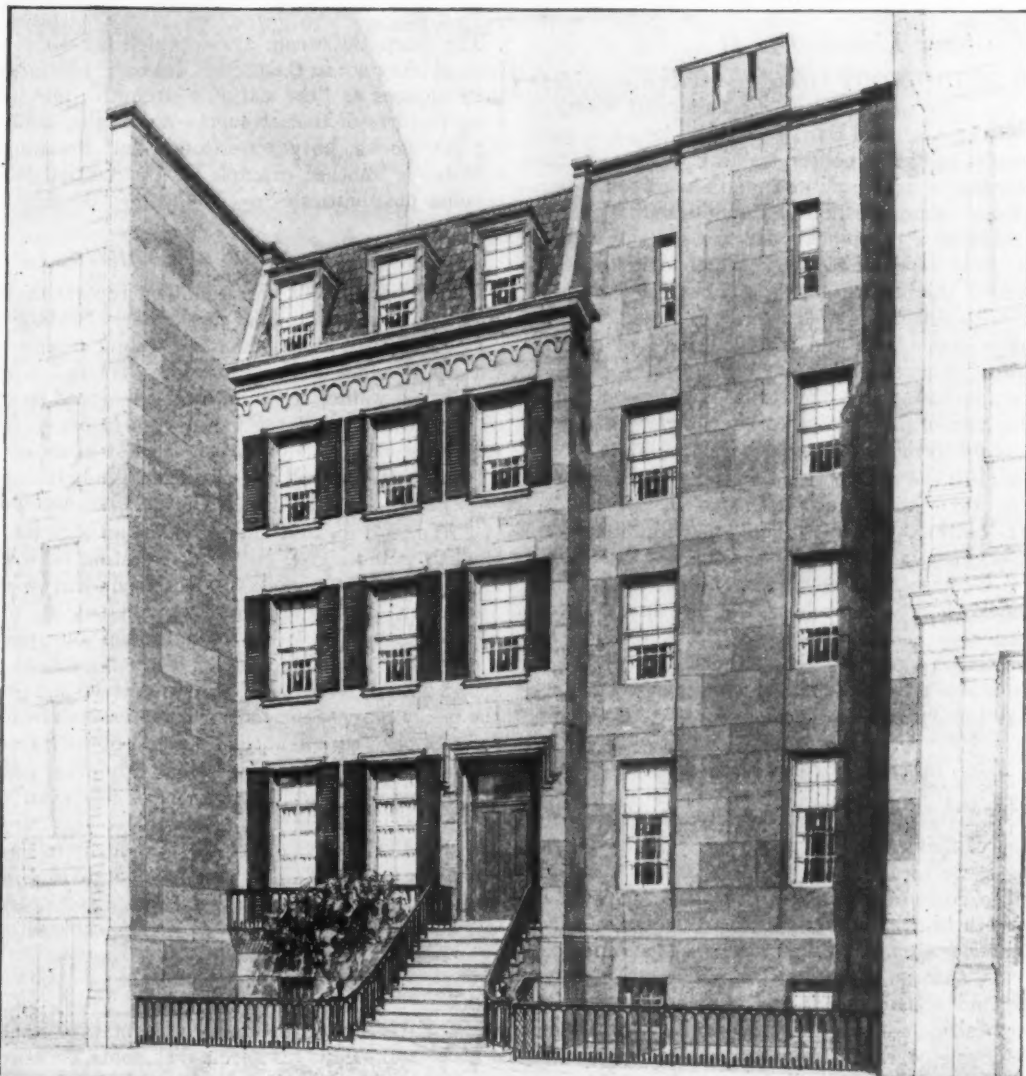
© E. O. Hoppe

Walter Prichard Eaton

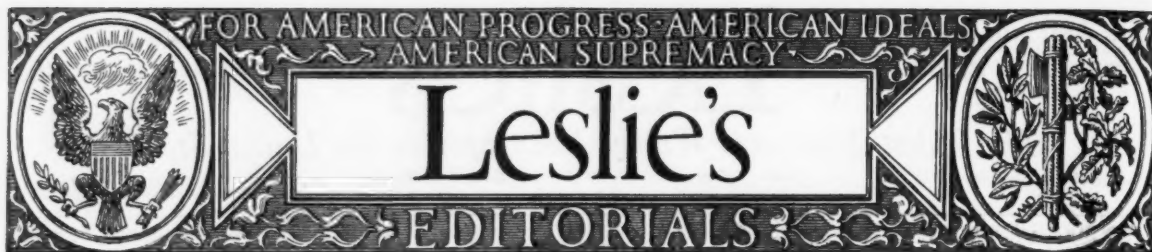
Commencing with the issue of October 22nd, the Book Reviews of JUDGE will be handled by Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton. Those familiar with his work know that this means, not only the clear and concise review of books worth reading, but a literary treat in itself.

*The Oldest Illustrated Weekly Newspaper in the United States*WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON
EditorJAMES N. YOUNG
Managing EditorHOWARD E. MORTON
Associate EditorHORACE GREEN
Associate Editor, Washington, D. C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 8th, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly and copyrighted 1921 by the Leslie-Judge Co., William Green, Pres.; Douglas H. Cooke, Vice-Pres.; E. J. McDonnell, Treas.; W. D. Green, Secretary; 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

**In Memory of a Great American**

RECONSTRUCTION of the birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association is now in progress. The house at 28 East 20th St., New York City, is being restored and the interior reproduced with the original furnishings, family portraits and heirlooms. Ultimately it will be the repository of records and other intimate mementos of the former president. The bedroom and original bed in which he was born on October 27, 1858, will be restored. The adjoining property at 26 East 20th St. also has been bought by the Association and the memorial edifice—Roosevelt House—will include this site and will house a School of Citizenship as a perpetual shrine of Americanism. Funds in hand amply warranted the beginning of the work but \$200,000 is needed to complete the restoration. Every contributor of one dollar or more receives the bronze emblem of the Association. Above is reproduced a perspective of Roosevelt House as it will look when completed. It was designed by Theodate Pope. The Vignettes show the original Roosevelt house at two periods of its latter-day history.



Lincoln Did It

MR. ELIHU ROOT fanned to flames a smouldering issue when, at the recent annual meeting of the American Bar Association, he advocated two years of academic college training, to precede the usual law course, as a requisite for admission to the bar.

There can be no question of the desirability of academic study as a preparation for the practice of law. But Mr. Root insists that it must be done in a college.

If, indeed, the intellectual standard of the legal profession needs raising, as well it may, it would seem at once more democratic and more effective to require added proof of fitness and ability through more exacting bar examinations, than, as Mr. Root suggests, to extend the term of preparation to an arbitrary, and possibly prohibitive, five years of college and law school.

Of course if the prospective lawyer has the means to take the easy road *via* the established institutions, so much the better. But there should be no inhibition on the impecunious aspirant who has the pluck and ambition to acquire his academic credits in the second-hand book shop and his legal learning in the night school.

There was an obscure chap named Lincoln, once, who became a pretty prominent lawyer in very much that way—only considerably more so!

Movie Advantages

SPEAKING of bad roads, as we were recently, and of movies, as everybody must from time to time, we recall a good-roads' film made in the very state, some of whose roads we were compelled to criticise—in Illinois, in fact, and shown to an audience of Dakota farmers. It dramatized the discomforts of bad roads, and the advantages, in better living, better schools, and actual dollars and cents, of good roads, and the prairie audience applauded as if they were seeing the boys go over the top. It is doubtful if a whole troupe of expensive and silver-tongued orators could have accomplished as much in as short a time.

The movie's ability to ignore the old-time theater unities of time and space is another example of its technical advantages. Two young men, for example, are in love with the same girl. They both bid her farewell, the one to go to war, the other to go to a distant state to compete in a golf tournament.

Both young men are good fellows in their different ways; the "society" man is sincere, but as he sits across the table from the heroine, speaking rather dramatically of his coming "fight" on the links, his face momentarily fades into the "vision" of the doughboy, laughingly telling how he is going to fight the Kaiser. Such a thing would be claptrap on the regular stage, and it could not be done so effectively with a "she remembered" in written narration.

The dramatic sweep, again, which can be given to general ideas not in themselves dramatic by translating such phrases as "the nation's strength" into rapidly flung pictures of that strength—waterfalls, mills pouring out smoke, busy waterfronts, surf breaking, city crowds—is another example of the motion picture's peculiar possibilities.

Both Sweet and Bitter

A CALIFORNIA correspondent reports that while waiting for the boat at the Ferry Station in San Francisco he bought a few walnut creams. This variety of candy—a wad of white "cream," with half an English walnut stuck on each side—used to be part of the furnishing of the candy-case in every country grocery store. It is one of the easiest kinds of candy to make—simply roll up a ball of "fondant" between your palms, stick a nut on each side, and there you are.

This being so, and California being a State where English walnuts grow, and sugar costing between five and six cents a pound, our correspondent wishes to know how the manufacturer figured out his price of \$1.50 a pound. An investigator for our neighbor, the *World*, making the rounds of the New York candy shops, found, according to his published figures, that the prices charged the consumer represented from 1,400 to 2,750 per cent. advance on the cost of the ingredients!

Americans eat more candy than any other people on earth, and they will have their sweets even though prices are unreasonable. But unless they are completely idiotic, it would seem they ought to have had enough of paying \$1.50 a pound for candy that cost the manufacturer (and the manufacturer is often the vendor as well) not more than an eighth or tenth of that price.

T. R.

WHEN the personality of a man of great deeds transcends his accomplishments, then we know that he is immortal. It has been so with Washington and Lincoln; there is every indication that it will be so with Roosevelt. Already as a nation we love him more for what he was than for what he did, though that was great indeed.

In this issue of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, just preceding the celebration of T. R.'s birthday (October 27), an effort has been made through intimate anecdote and the reproduction of personal records and effects to bring home to Americans the full flavor of the personality of this great American. John Drinkwater has said that he, as a detached observer, can see in American character and manners a distinct reflection of the influence of Lincoln, the man. We believe that Roosevelt likewise is leaving his stamp upon his countrymen, and that anything that can be done to help render that stamp indelible is a valuable service to the nation.



KEYSTONE

CANADA'S JAPANESE PROBLEM

"Will the Disarmament Conference Settle It?" Anxiously Queries the Dominion, Whose People Think It Should Have Been Invited to Washington

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

CANADA knows War. That home is a curiosity in this broad, northern land, from which The Great Conflict did not take its toll of life. From the lowest to the highest, Canadians have a keen, intimate interest in any movement having for its aim the abolition of war.

I am writing this on a C. P. R. train in Western Ontario. This morning at breakfast in the diner I was reading a bulletin to the effect that neither Lloyd George nor Lord Curzon would attend the Washington conference. My waiter leaned over my shoulder and shook his head.

"It doesn't look as though it would come to much, this business at Washington," he said regretfully. "Do you think they'll really do anything to stop war, sir?"

His tone was wistful—
anxious. His interest was keen—personal. In the lapel of his coat he wore a button awarded for service at the front. He had had three years in the trenches and had been wounded twice. He knew War!

"They told us we were fighting to stop war, sir," he said wearily. "We did our job. Be a pity if they can't do theirs, now won't it?"

Back in the smoker two former Canadian army officers were discussing the coming conference. The tone of their argument was wistful—
anxious. It is the same all over Canada, on trains, in hotel lobbies, in editorial rooms, in business offices, in shops and factories, in field and forest; the Canadians who know and hate war are earnestly hoping that the conference at Washington will succeed and—it must be confessed—generally fearing that it will fail.

The Canadians not only know and hate war but they are in a unique position in that they are in intimate touch with the mind and heart of Europe through their

political and racial connection with the United Kingdom and in equally close contact with the mind and heart of the Western World—with the United States—by virtue of their geographical location. Canadians know and understand Europe about as well as they know and understand the United States. They are much more intimately acquainted with Great Britain than are the Americans, and, in turn, they are much better acquainted with the Americans than are the English. The Canadians form—or should form—the interpretive national link between the United Kingdom and the United States.

tional houses of the two latter gentlemen press against C's house on either side. If A's house or B's house catches fire at any time C's house is sure to burst into flames.

If A and B do not get together to arrange for proper fire protection, and decide instead to organize their respective families into separate fire brigades, not for the prevention of disaster but to sit up nights and be ready to fight it in case it occurs, why then C is in a bad fix. C's family is not as large as that of A or of B. C cannot so readily spare members of his family from the bread-and-butter

business of life to devote their time to getting ready to fight fire. More than that, C's house is in double danger. If one of the members of A's family tosses a match into the European waste-paper basket and sets fire to the place, Mr. C's house also bursts into flame and he must summon all the members of his family to fight the conflagration. On the other hand if someone in B's house goes to sleep with a lighted cigarette in his fingers and sets fire to the Japanese quilt Mr. C is again involved. He must turn out all the members of his family to devote their entire time to fighting the blaze until the last spark is out.

Can Mr. C, the Canadian, then, be blamed if he feels that he has an interest in the question

of fire protection at least equivalent in degree to that felt by A and B? And able, as he is, to interpret A to B and B to A, is it surprising that he desires a voice in any conference between A and B looking toward the establishment of a satisfactory fire protection system?

Mr. C, the Canadian, maintains further that he has a yet more valid claim to a voice in the coming conference at Washington. Mr. C, the Canadian, insists that had it not been for the action of Mr. Arthur Meighen, the Canadian Premier, at the Premier's Conference in England last summer, the Washington Conference would not have been possible.

Mr. C's views on the subject are per-



© JAPAN PRESS ILLUSTRATING CO. THROUGH KEYSTONE

"They do not look up as the train comes to a stop. They do not look up when you stroll along the road with me and lean on the fence to watch them. They are interested in nothing but scratching everlastingly in the dirt, doing the last small thing that may coax a greater yield from the rich soil."

Let us reduce the situation to terms of individuals to illustrate. Mr. A is an Englishman. Mr. B is an American. They meet to settle the problem of protection against fire in their respective homes. A has traditions and ideals that B may not understand. Mr. B is swayed by influences that are not easily intelligible to Mr. A. Left to their own devices they are likely to become mutual victims of misunderstanding and so be unable to arrange for mutual fire protection.

Mr. C is a Canadian. He knows both A and B intimately. He can explain A to B and B to A. He is not only able but anxious to explain one to the other, for he lives between A and B. The na-

haps best expressed by M. Grattan O'Leary, who represented the Canadian Press at the Premier's Conference. Mr. O'Leary is known to have been very close to Premier Meighen during the deliberations, and in politically informed circles in Canada it is believed that Mr. O'Leary, in his writings, correctly voices the sentiments of the Canadian Premier. I quote Mr. O'Leary writing in an issue of *MacLean's Magazine*:

"Without Canada's stand at the Imperial Conference, and even at an earlier date, this Pacific-Disarmament Conference (at Washington) might never have been held. The simple truth is that as early as February 14, 1921, this government (the Meighen government in Canada) acting through the Canadian Department of External Affairs, believing that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance ought

The following is Mr. Meighen's statement to the Premier's Conference, in effect, as given by Mr. O'Leary:

"I am opposed to this alliance because it has outlived its purpose. It was entered into to curb the Pacific ambitions of Germany and Russia. To-day these nations are impotent for evil; no nation menaces British or Japanese interests in the East. Moreover, the spirit of such an alliance is out of harmony with the times. . . . Finally, and most important of all, it is calculated to make more difficult the cultivation of friendship with the people of the United States.

"To-day, broadly speaking, there are three great powers in the world—the British Empire, the United States and Japan. If any two of these enter into a separate alliance, then there can be but one result. The third—in this case it



KEYSTONE

The Hon. Arthur Meighen, Canada's Premier, who first suggested the calling of a conference to discuss the Far Eastern and disarmament problems.



Along Canada's western coast there are thousands of fishermen—nearly all of them "little brown men." (Of the 450,000 inhabitants of British Columbia, 58,420 are Orientals. There are 40,877 Chinese, 2,363 natives of India and 15,180 Japanese. The last-named because of their tremendous aggressiveness are far less welcome in the Dominion than are the other new arrivals from across the Pacific.

not to be renewed, communicated its views to the British Government and suggested that the United States Government be approached as to whether it would be willing to agree to a conference on Pacific affairs with Great Britain and Japan. The suggestion, it is known, was not acted upon at the time. The British Government, although favorable to what was proposed, evidently believed that the difficulties in the way were greater than the Canadian Government supposed; the position of Australia, believed at that time to be strongly in favor of renewing the Japanese Alliance, was cited as an obstacle; and the question was temporarily dropped."

When Mr. Meighen arrived in England in June to attend the Premier's Conference he found England, Australia and New Zealand strongly favoring the renewal of the Alliance. Mr. O'Leary maintains that it was only the action of Premier Meighen that prevented the renewal.

would be the United States—will arm, which means we, too, will have to arm, the consequence being a race in armaments that can produce only misery if not ruin.

"It is not that I desire to reject the friendship of Japan: It is that I do not wish to purchase that friendship at the price of making enemies of other nations. . . . I therefore urge that we have a conference with both the United States and Japan; that the three governments sit down together and see whether they cannot solve whatever difficulties exist on a basis of understanding and good will."

The Japanese and United States Embassies were asked to sound out their respective governments on the step that Mr. Meighen had proposed and one week later President Harding, with the Borah naval limitation resolution to work on, issued his invitation for a conference.

Canada was not included in that invitation. It may be argued that Canada

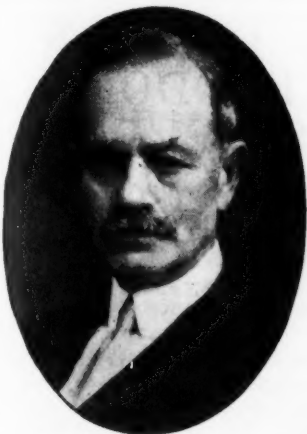
is included in the British Empire. But Canada is a Dominion, a nation within a federation of nations, to be sure, but nevertheless a nation with its own voice, its own ideals and its own separate problems. And those problems are more the problems of the United States than of Great Britain.

Japan forms the knot in the international yarn that the Washington Conference must unravel before anything can be done toward weaving a satisfactory garment of peace for the world. There are two nations to whom the intricacies of that knot appear as identical. Those two nations are Canada and the United States.

The people of the Eastern and Middle Western States are not deeply concerned with the matter of Japanese immigration, colonization and land ownership. They wonder vaguely, and somewhat irritably at times, what all the verbal "shootin's for" out on the Pacific Coast. They are inclined to the belief that the people of California are touched with the sun in those brain cells in which thoughts of the Japanese are active.

The same situation exists in Canada. The people in Eastern Canada have heard that their brethren in British Columbia are embarrassed by Japanese who compete too well in farming and fishing. They are not particularly interested, but are inclined to believe that the Canadians on the yon side of the Rockies are making much out of little in connection with the business.

Travel with me out of Montreal to Ottawa and thence on West. Through Quebec and Ontario there are no Japanese to be seen. There is nothing visible to suggest the existence of a Japanese problem in Canada. Come with me into a hotel at Winnipeg or, further West, at Calgary and we find Japanese bellboys in the lobby. Nothing in that from which to manufacture an acute international situation. Then up through the snowy heart of the Canadian Rockies.



Lord Byng as he appears to-day.

About the station in the valley at the western foot of the big hill we see small truck gardens splendidly laid out, and as clean and trim as a fresh-trimmed box hedge. In these gardens on hands and knees are little brown men and little brown women industriously weeding and scratching in the dirt about the roots of the vegetables. They do not look up as the train comes to a stop. They do not look up when you stroll along the road with me and lean on the fence to watch them. They are interested in nothing but scratching everlastingly in the dirt, doing the last small thing that may coax a greater yield from the rich soil. Their business is farming and they work at it with an almost fanatical intensity.

From the foot of the Big Hill all the way into Vancouver—more than a full day's run by train through fertile valley lands—we see spots of territory where the little brown men and women are on their knees working, working, everlastingly working in the rich earth. Come with me on a boat trip up the coast, weaving in and out among the thousands of islands and watching the many fishermen on the way. We find that these fishermen are nearly all little brown men, working at the nets with the same industry that their brothers ashore are scratching in the earth.

"Nothing to get excited about," you say. "A few Japanese fishermen and farmers among so many."

Then come ashore with me and we will talk to the citizens of British Columbia. High and low they tell us that they have a Japanese problem on their hands and that the problem is serious. Let us condense all the interviews into one that shall be as nearly typical of all as one may be. For the facts that our compound Canadian will give us I am deeply indebted to Mr. Lukin Johnston, of the Vancouver

Province, and to Mr. J. S. Cowper, of the Vancouver World.

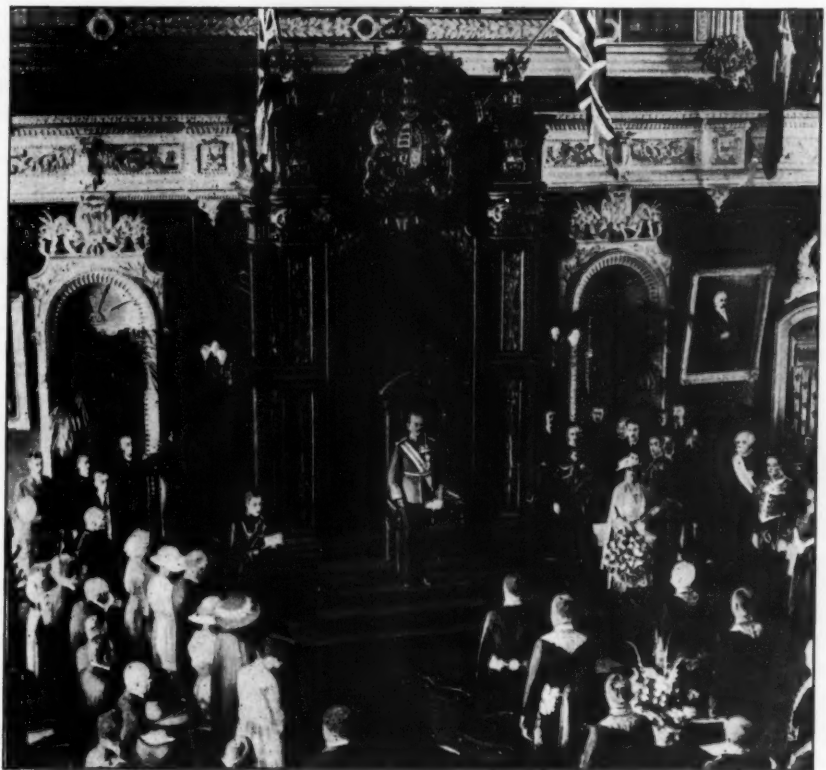
"The total population of British Columbia is 450,000," our informant begins; "58,420 of these are Orientals. There are 40,877 Chinese, 2,363 natives of India and 15,180 Japanese."

We look at each other and smile. "I should think you would be more concerned about the Chinese than the Japanese," you say. "I can't for the life of me see why you consider 15,180 Japanese in your province a serious problem."

"The Chinaman is a good domestic servant and worker," our informant ex-

during the war, to assist this industry, all the Japanese boats running between British Columbia ports and Japan were compelled to allot a certain amount of space to herring. In this way they built a large business at a time when British shipping was busy helping with the war."

You nod vaguely and look puzzled. You do not understand why there should be so much fuss about so comparatively few Japanese. Our informant tells us then of the Okanagan Valley, one of the most beautiful bits of fruit country in the world, and of how the Japanese have struggled to get a foothold there. They have not succeeded to any great extent.



INTERNATIONAL
The reading of the Royal Warrant at Lord Byng's investiture as Governor-General of Canada in the Legislative Council Chamber at Quebec. Lord Byng is standing on Mr. Speaker's throne. At his left, holding a bouquet, is Lady Byng.

plains. "Our laboring people object to him because he lowers wages. But we have a different case against the Japanese. They are more aggressive than the Chinaman. It is only a few years ago when one could find a Japanese store only in the small Japanese section of any given city. Now they own and operate some of the largest and most expensive shops in the centers of our various larger cities. They enter many lines of commerce and have practically monopolized our fisheries."

"Of the 4,566 gill-net licenses for salmon fishing in the season 1919-1920, 2,272 were issued to Japanese, whereas British subjects, including native Indians, took out only 1,766 licenses. The herring fisheries of the coast are now almost entirely in the hands of the Japanese and

There are a dozen here, fifteen or twenty there. But our informant shakes his head in expression of misgiving.

"Wherever they get a start the whites move out," he says. "One moves in to-day and within ten years the whole territory's yellow."

He tells us then strange wild stories of Japanese spies; of high officers working as servants in British Columbia homes; of strong ships ostensibly blown ashore on the British Columbia coast but actually having been deliberately driven ashore by the Japanese crew. The reason for this is a bit vague but you are assured that it is sinister.

You begin to believe that it is after all a very mild tempest in a very small tea-
(Concluded on page 572)

IN MY recollections of Col. Theodore Roosevelt as an athlete, two things stand out: his enthusiasm and his courage. I learned much from him, not so much about the technique of athletics, but a great deal about getting added joys from what you might call manly exercises, boxing in particular. "Hit me, hit me hard, just as hard as you can!" he used to say, and when I would send one of my heaviest to his jaw, he'd come up shouting, "Fine! That's the way to do it. Now watch me!" and then he would land his heaviest blow on me. He had a good punch, too, though he was not what you would call a perfect athlete. He made more of his small boxing ability than any other man I ever boxed with. When you remember that he was a feeble child and a sickly boy, it is amazing that he could get so much out of athletics. They made him, physically, I mean, and athletics are the reason why he was able to do such a tremendous amount of hard work. He may have overdone his strength in some ways. As an athlete, if he had any fault, it was a tendency to do too much. He may have let his enthusiasm go beyond his strength, for, from my experience with him, I would say that in athletics "the limit" was the only thing that fully satisfied him.

When Roosevelt first became President I happened to call at the White House one day with my brother, Robert J. Mooney, who was then on the staff of a New York newspaper. As soon as I was introduced to him, the President leaped from his chair and grasped my hand.

"Ah! The chap who defeated Von Lindgren! By George, you are the very man I've wanted to see. Come! Show me how you did it."

E. Von Lindgren, of the Swedish Legation, had established an amateur boxing record similar to the professional one being made at about the same time by "Jim" Jeffries. He refused to meet professionals, but his friends believed that there wasn't a man anywhere who could down him. The run of amateurs refused even to try. Finally I offered myself as a sacrifice to native pride. When the bout came off the elite of Washington were out to witness it. High officials of the Government and foreign ambassadors and ministers were there *en masse*. Roosevelt himself, then a member of the Civil Service Commission, was present.

"Mr. President," I replied to his question, "it is a little hard to explain."



BOXING LESSONS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT

What I Learned About Keeping Fit from Our Great Fighting President

By WILLIAM MCKINLEY MOONEY

Boxing Mate at the White House When Roosevelt Was President

© CLINEDINST

Mr. Mooney as he appears to-day. He is at present the chief clerk of the Post Office Department. For years he boxed with Colonel Roosevelt almost daily, and it was their bouts that helped to keep the Colonel fit.

"That's it, that's it!" he exclaimed as he recovered and came back, panting, into the imaginary ring there in his private office.

"Now let me try it on you," he said. The blow he landed sent me reeling.

"I've got it!" he shouted. "It's just what I've wanted for Garfield and some other members of the cabinet. I'll try it on 'em to-morrow, and won't they squirm?" He laughed like a big robust boy.

"By the way, what are you doing?" he asked me.

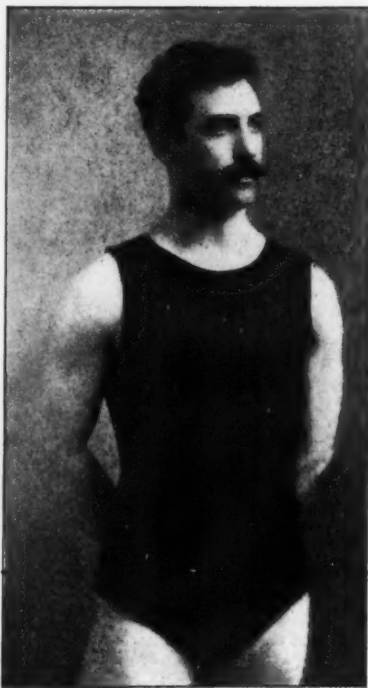
I told him of my work in the post office.

"You deserve better than that; I'll see that you are promoted. And I want you to come around here occasionally and spar with me."

I then became a boxing mate of the President and of the best play-fellow President the country ever had. For several years I was a regular caller at the White House—most of my time there being spent in the basement, where Colonel Roosevelt and myself boxed and wrestled and sweated, often while big dignitaries of State cooled their heels in an ante-room upstairs.

Aside from boxing, Colonel Roosevelt and I had one great love in common—the open air, the great outdoors. I took him down into the Virginia hills once on a wild turkey hunt. That's always been my favorite outdoor sport and is my chief one now. But I don't often urge friends to join me; the roughing it is too severe for anyone who can't revel in anything, hardships included, out-of-doors. You have to walk and walk and walk over difficult hills, lie for hours in water or snow behind "blinds" and keep perfectly still while doing so. It takes patience. You have to match wits with the most sensitive and the fleetest of creatures.

The Colonel exulted in the experience. One of his disappointments was in never getting the hang of the art of "yelping," which means imitating the turkey's call and thus drawing it within firing range. About the happiest I ever saw him was when he brought down a big bird that he caught on the wing. That fact shows what a man can do if he makes up his mind to do it. Because of his defective eyesight the Colonel wasn't a good shot, many a man handicapped as he was wouldn't have even tried to hit a wild



RICE WASHINGTON

Mr. Mooney in the days when he was one of the most talked of amateur athletes at the National Capital and one of the champion amateur boxers of the country.

"Don't try to explain," Roosevelt declared. "Show me!" The Presidential coat was doffed in a jiffy and the chief executive of the nation leaped to the middle of the room and assumed a boxing pose. "Now give it to me just like you did to Von Lindgren!"

Naturally I was embarrassed and administered a soft tap on the President's chin.

"No, no; that won't do. Hit me hard, in the way you did Von Lindgren."

So I hauled back my arm and sent a soaker to the President's jaw. Roosevelt staggered to the wall of the room.

turkey and not one in 10,000 could do it.

When boxing or enjoying the out-of-doors President Roosevelt rarely talked about life, politics, or affairs in general. When he was boxing he seemed oblivious to all things else. The British Ambassador might be waiting upstairs to discuss some big subject of international import, but Roosevelt, though he knew it, seemed unaware of the fact while he was boxing. He concentrated on whatever he was doing and put his all into it. He never went about anything in a mechanical way, as if he were doing it for reasons of "health" or to get "exercise" or to acquire some new feat. He did it for the sheer fun of doing it and thereby got the fullest benefit from it.

Sometimes he would let his enthusiasm run away with him and cause him to do a little more than his strength justified. I've always been a pretty enthusiastic person, but I never knew the full zest of enthusiasm until I boxed with the Colonel. I was always a pretty hefty individual, and to box and wrestle with fair success was with me only a matter of training. He had to develop from the ground up, and often draw on resources that apparently were not there.

Courage was his next most outstanding characteristic as an athlete. He liked to test his own courage, and in doing so test that of others. He used to laugh about his experience in a summer storm with Prince Henry of Battenburg, the Kaiser's brother. When visiting the White House, the Prince was taken out for a drive by the President. A terrible thunder and wind storm came up. Instead of turning back, the President drove right into it as if he didn't see it. When they got back the Prince said, laughingly, that he had never had a more exciting experience.

Once when he and I were out on a hike in Rock Creek park with some cadets we came to a ford. The stream was swollen. The boys began looking for a bridge. The Colonel without saying a word plunged into the water and waded across. The others had to follow. At the top of the hill, Roosevelt, dripping with water, leaped into a car and was driven to the White House. The rest of us had to walk to our homes through the streets, the boys in bedraggled and soggy uniforms. The Colonel thought it a great joke as well as fine lesson to the youngsters. He had no tolerance for the average person's habit of trying to get around obstacles. He believed in tackling them direct.

Our relations, whether boxing, hiking or hunting, were always those of man and man, though I was a departmental subordinate and he the President. He was the perfect democrat. Often when he

The Outlook

287 Fourth Avenue
New York

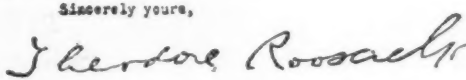
November 14th, 1914.

Dear Mr. Mooney:

It is a real pleasure to me to hear from you.

Evidently straight shooting and hard hitting can be combined in one person! I have seen you knock out a human antagonist, and envied you your capacity then, but I envy you that twenty pound turkey even more. Jim Bishop is a very fine fellow. I wish I could have been with him on such a hunt. I never mastered the art of yelping myself. Bishop is a wonder at it. I will send him a copy of the book as you suggest. What is his address?

Sincerely yours,



MR. W. M. Mooney,
Post Office Department,
Washington, D. C.



A typical Roosevelt letter, written in reply to one from Mr. Mooney, in which the story of the killing of the twenty-pound turkey (at left) was told. "One of his disappointments," says Mr. Mooney, "was in never getting the hang of the art of 'yelping,' which means imitating the turkey's call and thus drawing it within firing range. About the happiest I ever saw him was when he brought down a big bird that he caught on the wing."

standard. He got the most out of what he had, was always considerate of others, and was willing ever to bow to merit whether it was shown in delivering a blow with the fist, in writing a book, or painting a picture. Prize fighters like Corbett were as welcome at the White House, and were quizzed for information pertaining to pugilism and the ring, as much as visiting diplomats.

Above all things he believed in correct living and disliked specialization. He was interested in everything, all kinds of sports included. There, again, we had common interests. I not only boxed but wrestled, swam, ran and took part in all gymnasium exercises, and do so yet, but not by any means so strenuously as when I was younger.

A President, like everyone else, must play as well as work if he keeps fit, and it was because he managed to get so much out of play that Colonel Roosevelt was able to get so much out of work. And being a good play-fellow, he simply had to be a good man. If there is any single lesson I would teach the young of the country it is that thought which comes from my extremely interesting and profitable experience as sparring partner with the Colonel.

would get tired of the affairs of State he would ring me up, just like one boy calling up another, and ask me to run around to the White House as soon as I got off from work and spar with him. On those occasions he would stand for no deference on the score of his high position, but insisted that I "hit him hard," just as if he were some young chap down at the club.

Though, as I stated, he was far from being a perfect athlete—which, however, was nature's fault and not his own—he was in athletics as in other activities a great man, which after all is the supreme



"Together they were walking out into the water, he barefoot, and she keeping pace."

SPAWN OF THE SEA

By H. M. HAMILTON

Illustrated by HAROLD ANDERSON

ON THE hilltop, that morning, the sky was clear, but as I went down the air thickened, so that Barbara's house was a mere gray shadow in the white sea-mists—mists that tasted dank and sour in my throat, and hung in ragged shreds across my path. My steps were muffled, but I could plainly hear the siren at False Point, and, more distant but delicately clear, like a plucked string vibrating, the reply of some vessel feeling her way into port.

As I crossed the salt meadow there was a trembling in the fog ahead; then it took the form of a man, who stood directly in my path.

"Ahoy, mate!" said he, and grinned so as to show one big yellow fang at either corner of a wide, crooked mouth.

"Good day to you, sir," I answered, and made as if to pass; but he blocked my way, the path being narrow, with a bog on both sides.

"Not so fast, my lad," he said, and seized my arm.

"Let be, sir!" I said struggling. "I've my work to do."

"Work?" He laughed. "Work be blowed! To-day's shore leave, and duff and double rounds of rum later on. You come along with me! Here's a gold piece will pay you double for your day."

I took it, daunted by his look—his greenish pallor and bloodshot eyes—and by a fishy smell that came from the slime on his sea clothes. As to his coin, it was good gold, but green with caked salt-water rust, and with a design of coat-of-arms and foreign words.

"That's good where I come from," he laughed, and winked at me.

"And where may that be?" I faltered. "Foreign parts?"

"Ah!" said he, leering. "Cap'n Dan Pembroke's son don't tell all his affairs to blabbers. Are you a blabber, boy?"

"No, sir," I stammered. "I think not."

"Ho!" and he looked me up and down. "Well, sir, what is your name, and who might your father be, and how old are you?"

"I'm Phineas Brewster, sir—Samuel Brewster's son, and twenty."

"Hm. Well, I've paid you well. Suppose you come along of me and show me about. I'm new here, being born—as you might say—elsewhere. But I'll warrant Cap'n Dan Pembroke's a name well known here. But I'm needing a smart lad for a pilot. Where, now, can I breakfast?"

"There's Staggard's, sir. Luke Staggard sets a table for seafarers, at the far end of Northport."

"Ay—Staggard's. My father set a great store by Luke Staggard. Take me there, my boy."

Staggard's Inn was a weather-beaten old barn overlooking the sea. When we entered, Luke Staggard was at breakfast—a swollen, crimson-jowled man with a dirty apron about his thick middle.

"Luke Staggard?" asked my companion. The innkeeper nodded, his mouth being full. "Then I am Cap'n Dan Pembroke's son, Simon."

"By the Galloping Jerusalem!" cried Staggard, finding his voice. "Not Dan! Pembroke as was drowned in the *Heather Bell* in eighty-two?"

"That same; I'm his own proper son, which no man dare deny."

"But—dang it, man!—Dan'l never married, so far as I knowed—and he went down at sea near forty year ago. Now what beats me—"

"Righto!" broke in Simon. "He went down all hands, and I weren't born yet, me being only thirty-three last June, but I'm his son."

"No—dammit!" roared Luke. "That ain't arithmetic. You favor Dan Pembroke a lot, but you can't be his son—for the reasons I've give."

"Can't, eh? Well—mebbe not. And mebbe so; assuming that seafaring men ain't much discommoded by salt water that they've sailed on since boyhood—assuming they still lives and has their being sum'mers—I ain't saying where—but there's wenches there as here—and that they continue to exist and propagate their kind—assuming all that, Luke Staggard—then what do you say?"

The innkeeper got to his feet slowly, at this preposterous tale, and held out his thick fist with a wink as ponderous as Simon's own.

"Sit down, mate!" he boomed. "I ask no questions afore this boy here—but if what you say is so—and I've no call to deny it—you are welcome to my best."

Nothing loath, Simon sat down instantly and applied himself to Staggard's coarse fare—bread, and boiled cod with greens—as if he were famished. No one asked me to eat, and I stood there uncertain, but as I had Simon's gold-piece in my pocket, I thought I must stay.

At last Simon pushed back his chair, and said:

"Well, Luke, I'm comfortable within as may be. If you've a pipe now, and a drop of good Jamaiky handy, I'll stand treat for the three."

"I've a pipe, ay—" said Luke cautiously. "But I've no rum. They watch me close, but no one can say I've given him rum here."

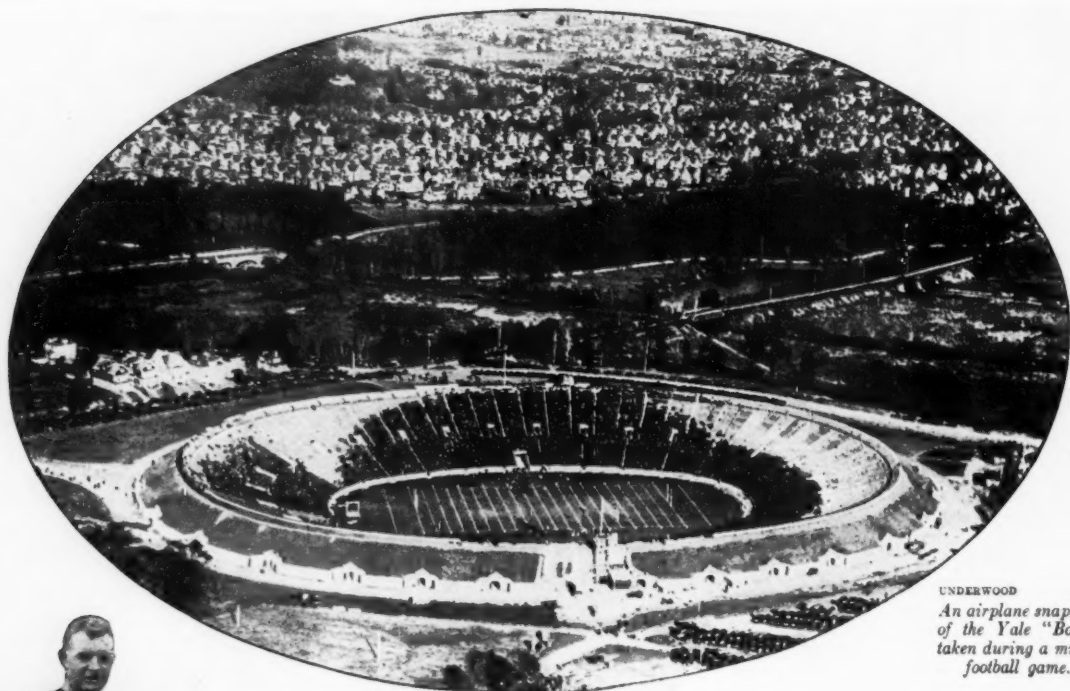
"No rum? Why, many's the time I've heard Cap'n Dan say to me—'Simon, I've been around the world as often as you've fingers and toes, but there's no better rum than in Luke Staggard's cellar! And you tell me there's no rum!'"

"Times has changed," said Luke sadly. "I'm not saying there's no rum hereabouts. If this lad was to take you, now, up to Liza's—"

(Continued on page 568)



"We both turned, to find Simon bearing down on us like a fury. 'Oh—oh! There has been blabbing—after all I said. I gave you full warning, Missy. Now you'll see!' With a horrible grin, so that his fangs gleamed, he leaped upon me."



UNDERWOOD
An airplane snapshot
of the Yale "Bowl"
taken during a minor
football game.



INTERNATIONAL

The author of this article. Ask any gridiron expert to name the greatest quarterback in football history and he will almost invariably reply by naming one of two men: Daly, of Harvard and West Point, or Eckersall, of Chicago.

OUR GREATEST FIGHTING GAME

By CHARLES D. DALY

Head Coach, Army Football Team and Former All-American Quarterback

THE old-fashioned educator who looked askance at all college athletics is rapidly disappearing. There was a time, not so long ago, in our schools and colleges, when the athlete, and particularly the football player, was regarded as a queer freak who functioned by force of the nature within him, some-

what like the spinning mouse. As a student, the athlete did not belong. *Mores et tempora mutantur.* The old-fashioned educator is hunting cover and the old fashioned student, with the lean and hungry look, and the tortoise-shell glasses is being hunted, yes, even chased out onto the athletic field. A sound mind in a sound body is a tenet that is being applied to all.

upon it. When the best that such great States as New York, Massachusetts and Illinois could do, was to furnish about 50 or 60 per cent. of their available youth as physically fit, it is time to take stock of the situation. A wide, general, comprehensive scheme of athletics and particularly of competitive organized sport applied to the youth of the nation at large might possibly not only lower draft rejections, but also help solve other important problems. Deep-chested youth will shake off the dust of city streets and seek pastures new.

No need to tell the veteran of the World War of the ideal of organized athletics and physical leadership. After the armistice, in France, when economy was the watchword, funds were difficult to get for anything except athletics. For this purpose all the funds that could reasonably be expected were available and the American Expeditionary Force turned from war to football. It may be said that they found in one the counterpart of the other.

Football appeals so strongly to the American public because it is a war game. The contest is in the nature of a battle, and the inherent warrior spirit of all red-blooded men and women answer to its call. Literally, by hundreds of thousands, America troops weekly, during the fall, to its college stadiums and football fields in all sections of the country, and there intent on the miniature battle before

them are living witness to their love of virile clean sport.

The demand for seats at the major football games has become so great that many years ago it was found necessary to limit the applications to under graduates and alumni. It is by no means an exaggeration to say that the Harvard-Yale game, Princeton-Yale game, or any of the great classics, if thrown open to the public with the necessary seating capacity would draw an attendance of two or three hundred thousand. The applications for seats to last year's Army-Navy game are said to have run as high as four hundred thousand.

Football is pre-eminently a war game. This statement is based, not only on the fact that it appeals to the fundamental battle spirit of the youngster, but also because its strategy and tactics are those of war. Unity of command is essential in war. Divided leadership results in defeat. Defeat is none the less sure in football in cases where there is divided leadership. Simplicity of plan is essential in war. Only those plans that are free from complexity and that are capable of execution and co-ordination under the stress of combat should be adhered to. Exactly so in football. Simplicity in plan both in general conception and in detail is essential. Most failures in the game of football arise from the violation of this great tactical principle. Complexity and

The World War quickened our thought along these lines. The appalling figures of the draft rejections showed that the youth of America needs all the attention in physical training that can be bestowed

disaster go hand in hand. Concentration for combat is essential in war. Dispersion spells failure. Exactly so in football. Every available player is as much essential to the success of a drive at tackle as was every soldier essential to the success of any drive through the western front.

So on, down the great tactical principles of war, we find a most striking analogy in football. Football is *The War Game*. A game of football is a battle. Its object, within the rules, is the destruction (figurative) or the overwhelming of the enemy.

The development of the conflict and the methods by which the battle is promoted have a striking similarity to conflict.

FOOTBALL has developed many famous contests. In different sections of the country local institutions are at one another's throats in a spirit of intense rivalry. The most famous of these classics in the East are the series between Harvard and Yale, Yale and Princeton, and the Army and Navy.

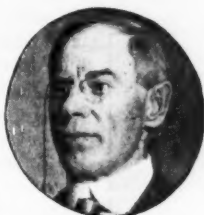
That Yale should beat Harvard was traditional in football for many years. This was ascribed in various quarters to different reasons. The most striking reason that was advanced was that Harvard was a rich man's college and that rich men were not good at fighting. As the game of football developed, it appeared that this reasoning was not altogether sound. Harvard has shown recently a very good ability at fighting in football, and on her teams she has numbered many rich men or rich men's sons. One year the Harvard rush line averaged \$1,000,000 a head. That particular rush line was one of the best, and the team, to my recollection, was a championship team.

This may be stated about the Harvard-Yale series, however. Despite their willingness to fight, the Harvard players for a long time knew little about fighting. For some reason or other, the Yale eleven and the Yale coaches discovered a basic principle in football which was withheld from Harvard for many years. This was that all the elements of fighting apply not only to the general character of football, but also to the individual characteristics of the players. This is particularly true of the play of all the members of the rush line. Yale, years in advance of Harvard, was teaching its rush line all the principles that were applicable under the rules of boxing and wrestling. In this they were correct. Boxers, wrestlers and football players all operate along the same lines. They play with their weight squarely over their legs and with their arms and hands used for protection and attack. Until the so-called Harvard system discovered this great principle which now seems so clear to all, it was only

on rare occasions, and then more or less only by fortunate circumstances, that Harvard ever won a game from Yale.

It is a curious fact that when the game of football was recently changed so as to lessen the pugilistic elements of the contest, Yale for several years abandoned these principles of line play which had given her so many consecutive years of success. Following some queer line of reasoning, she discarded all that which had led to her pristine glory. Developing new lines of individual play, she set out in full cry after the forward pass. In the game of football the forward pass is now recognized as a flirtatious jade. Yale's success with it so far has not been great.

On the contrary, the Harvard coaches, having



John W. Heisman, Pennsylvania's famous coach, who has done much to make football what it is to-day.



Brickley, the old Harvard star, in action.

become aware of the principles which had led to Yale's success, quietly adopted them. Since then Harvard has had at least its fair share of success, whereas Yale has more or less floundered about in the uncertain aspects of the open game.

Many football men believe that this statement of the case outlines in brief the general influences which have controlled victory in the great Harvard-Yale classics.

The Yale-Princeton classic for many years also turned on the application of a fundamental principle of armed combat, or at least so it appeared to many. Princeton, like Harvard, not only did not understand the basic analogy between football, boxing and wrestling as applied to line play, but in addition, Princeton was addicted to a feature of play which was successful against weak teams, but which failed lamentably in final contests. This feature was the end run.

The end run is a flank march in the face of the enemy. The great authorities on

tactics say that a flank march in the face of an enterprising enemy is a dangerous and a precarious expedient. They might well have been talking of football. In a final contest between equally matched teams, an end run is indeed a precarious expedient which generally fails unless the defense is markedly displaced.

Princeton has recently adopted a new distribution for the attack. In this distribution, concentration for rushing is allied with dispersion for passing. It is probable that with this new weapon the splendid fighting spirit which has always characterized Princeton's team will continue to make the Yale-Princeton classic the even break it has been in recent years.

Probably the most picturesque of the great Eastern football contests is the Army and Navy game. This series has for years been an even break. Service enthusiasts are often unable to tell which Academy is in the lead in the series without reference to the record. Possibly the chief reason for this equality is that neither service has felt that they were bound to hold to any graduate system of coaching. They have both studied good football where they could find it. They have had coaches from all the great institutions. The result has been the maximum development of football at both Academies, and this game at the end of each football year is a fitting finale to the season.

FOOTBALL, like war, has from time to time offered strategists a rare chance.

In the old days when the game was played with long hair, canvas jacket and a skull cap, a noted chess player, Mr. Lorin F. Deland, of Harvard, became interested in it. After a careful study of the rules, he discovered that they permitted a player on the attack to start before the ball. The result to him was obvious. He assembled in rear of the rush line a shock group which

started before the ball was put into play. (See diagram below). This group dashed up to the line of scrimmage and as the ball



went into play it drove into the opponents with all the momentum that husky young bodies could develop. This human catapult was so effective and deadly that it had to be ruled out of the game.

Mr. Deland made certain other applications of the principle of starting before

PHOTOS INTERNATIONAL

Doctor Williams, Minnesota's wizard coach, who invented the tremendously effective "tackle-back" play.



the ball which were also unique in the game. In his time, the ball, instead of being kicked off, was put in play by the famous old wedge formation under which the defense plunged, to the great detriment of skull and backbone. Mr. Deland split this wedge into two groups, which on the initial play came tearing up to the ball after a twenty-yard start, and as the ball went into play, went sweeping down on to either flank of the defense with the momentum and velocity of an express train.

Great things were expected of this "flying wedge" which was a carefully guarded secret before the first Harvard-Yale game in which it was used. It was, however, not

tinguished lawyer and football coach of Harvard College, trained a Harvard line to hit this play before it got started. This was possible because the Pennsylvania forwards lined up, with their sides to the opposing defense, and could readily be carried back into the shock group by a hard-charging defensive line. The result set the "guard backs" away back. But for years the genius of Mr. Woodruff had dominated Eastern football, and finally it was necessary for the Rules Committee again to rescue the defense by legislating that only one forward could be brought back to reinforce the back field on the attack.

their appreciation of the fundamentals of line play.

The developments of football during this period became so deadly that public opinion arose against the many serious injuries which resulted. Indeed it became a very great question as to whether the game was to be abolished. Luckily the game was rescued for the future by the Rules Committee. New rules were evolved which eliminated "forwards" from the attacking group and added the new element of the forward pass.

FOR the present, the game has obtained a very good balance between the attack and the defense. Furthermore, it has incorporated the delightful speculation of the forward pass which is thrilling and pleasing to the spectators. Maybe the near future holds in store for football a new tactical genius who will again throw the defense into dismay and confusion. For the present, however, although Minnesota has developed a jumping rush line, and West Virginia and Princeton an apparently successful distribution on the attack which contains concentration for rushing and also dispersion for passing, nevertheless, the formation has yet to appear which can regularly establish a predominance over an equal defense. All else being equal, victory on the football field now goes to the team which can perform with the greater skill, and that, of course, is as it should be.

The Epic of Athletics has surely been enhanced by the American football player. The memories of many of them have been a clean and helpful influence in our college life. One of the greatest of all football players was Marshall Newell of Harvard.

Newell was a sturdy young tackle whose formidable prowess has become legendary. During the years that he played at Harvard, all plays at his side of the line failed. He was a medium tall, powerful man of about 190 pounds, very active and quick on his feet, but characterized especially by an exceedingly powerful arm thrust. I can well remember as a youngster in preparatory school journeying often to Soldiers Field at Cambridge to see Marshall Newell and Bert Waters train and coach the Harvard line. It was a

sight worth the trip, and how greatly did we marvel to see the power, daring and abandon of these two giants as they used up opponent after opponent in their effort to "make" the Harvard line. That year Harvard's team certainly had stamina.

Newell was killed in a railroad accident shortly after graduating from college. So great and good was his influence while in college that the University erected to

(Concluded on page 565)



KEYSTONE

Eddie Mahan (left), Coach, J. I. Knox and Trainer W. F. Donoran, who are helping to whip this year's Harvard team into championship form. In choosing the greatest players of the past few would ever omit Mahan's name.

sufficiently well guarded. A visiting Harvard graduate, it is said, returned to his home on the Pacific coast and there, in the privacy of his club, remarked to a friend that Harvard had a wonderful play which at the start of the game would make Yale look like thirty cents. It is said that this remark through innocent progress came to the ears of a Yale graduate, who telegraphed back to his alma mater—"Look out for a wonderful new play at the beginning of the game." With this meagre information, the Yale eleven so prepared themselves that the famous flying wedge was stopped half way to the goal line. The application of the principle of starting before the ball led the Rules Committee to sit up late nights figuring the force developed when a group of young crusaders bore down upon the waiting defense. Apparently there were sufficient mathematicians present to solve the problem and to decide that flesh and blood could not stand the strain. So this play was excluded.

ALMOST at once another great tactician of the game arose to prove the projectile superior to the armor. Mr. Woodruff of Pennsylvania, set out to wreak havoc and ruin on his rivals with his famous "guardback" play.

"Guard Back" took advantage of the rule which allowed the heavy linemen, the "Forwards," to line up behind the line of scrimmage and carry the ball. The players, just before the ball was snapped, lined up as shown below. For

years the play could not be stopped. Finally Mr. W. H. Lewis, a dis-

The third great offensive genius of the game then developed a famous concentration for the attack, which like its predecessors, overwhelmed and dispersed the defense. Doctor Williams of Minnesota, one of the greatest of football coaches, was responsible for this play. Its history is full of interest.

In 1899 Western football, unlike to-day, was looked upon in the East as more or less inferior to the local variety. That year the West Point football team was not doing well. In fact the truth is that it was considered practically impossible for the Military Academy to defeat its great rival, the Navy. Doctor Williams, a few short days before the final game of the year between the Army and Navy, volunteered to teach his new formation (which later became universally known as "tackle back") to the Army team and to his many friends among the Army coaches at the Military Academy. The result was astounding. An apparently helpless Army eleven plowed relentlessly through their larger and stronger opponents to a great and decisive victory.

Yale at once adopted this successful formation (shown here) and for years Yale teams won, due partly to this formation of Doctor Williams, who is a Yale graduate, and partly to



The greatest end who ever tackled a back—if we are to believe the old-timers. It is hardly necessary to add that he is Frank Hinkley, of Yale.



THE ROUNDUP OF ROOSEVELTIANA

Newly Gathered Relics of Theodore Roosevelt Reveal Vividly His Many-sided Personality

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

Director, Bureau of Research, Roosevelt Memorial Association



WE READ in the paper that George W. Perkins is dead; and we say, "Too bad. Good man. Useful citizen. Wonder how much money he left?"—and let it go at that. How many say to themselves? "There goes a chapter of history. That man probably knew more about the inside of the Progressive fight of 1912 and 1916 than anybody else. Wonder if he ever wrote the story?" John Mitchell dies. "Great labor leader," we say. But how many say, "That man knew more about the labor side of the great anthracite coal strike of 1902 than any other human being. Has he recorded what he knew?"

Two fine secondary

figures of the age of which Theodore Roosevelt was the center! Robert Bacon was another; Charles J. Bonaparte another; Cardinal Gibbons another; Seth Bullock, sheriff of Deadwood, another. And all dead within a period of less than two years. With each of them went a part of a great era. Their records are scattered;

their letters are tucked away in attics or destroyed. A book is closed; a story remains untold.

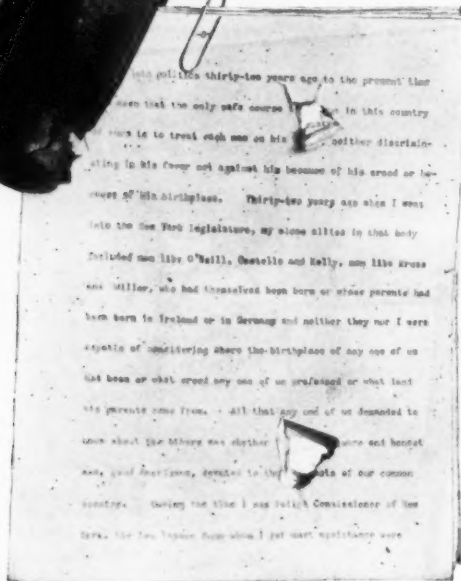
It is bad enough to waste a nation's material resources; it is worse to waste its resources of historical memories.

Roosevelt touched life from a dozen different angles. His friendships were many; his acquaintances were legion. At the headquarters of the Roosevelt Memorial Association there is a list of names, compiled by former secretaries of Colonel Roosevelt and others who were in a position to know his personal relationships. The names are



INTERNATIONAL

A sheet of the manuscript and the spectacle-case which probably saved Mr. Roosevelt's life in Milwaukee when an attempt was made on his life. Note the holes.



those of living men and women all over the country who were more or less closely associated with Roosevelt. There are 5,000 of them. Each of these 5,000 knows something about some phase of Roosevelt's career. What is it? Whatever it is, is it going to the grave with him?

It is the business of the Roosevelt Memorial Association to see that the stories these men have to tell do not go to the grave with them; and that the letters or manuscripts they have of Mr. Roosevelt's, or the books, pamphlets, periodical articles, newspaper clippings and cartoons in their possession relating to him or his Administration, do not go into the scrap-basket. An appeal has been sent broadcast over the country for mementos of the Colonel and of his campaigns, for photographs, paintings, bronzes, medals, campaign buttons, everything that bears upon that throbbing life.

In a striking letter, President Harding has expressed his enthusiastic interest in the Association's effort. "It is, as far as I know," he writes, "the first widely organized endeavor that has ever been made in this country to bring the records and mementos of a great life together in one place for the inspiration and instruction of posterity. Such an endeavor is a public service. As a nation we have a tendency to give too little regard to historical matters, forgetting that our future depends on what we have learned from our past. Your work is, therefore, peculiarly important."

"Theodore Roosevelt has already been accepted by the majority of his fellow-citizens as the third in America's great

name into large headlines again was the presentation to the Association by Mrs. Roosevelt of the little pocket notebook in which Colonel Roosevelt succinctly recorded his impressions during the Spanish War.

The entries were made partly in black ink, partly in blue ink and partly in pencil; in nervous, jerky, indignant sentences.

May 6, 1898. Commissioned as Lt. Col. U. S. Voluntary Cavalry. Wood as Col. by my choice.
May 7, 1898. The delays & stupidity of the Ordnance Dept. surpass belief. The Quartermaster's Dept. is better but bad. The Commissary Dept. is good. There is no head, no management whatever in the War Dept. Against a good nation we should be helpless.

For five days there was no entry. Then on May 12th is the curt statement: "Start for San Antonio 10 P.M." Again there follow days without an entry. Then on the 15th, "Reached camp at San Antonio." After that for three days there are regular entries:

May 19, 1898. The drilling is incessant & the progress of the regiment wonderful.

May 20, 1898. The Harvard & New York men & Co. are getting on capably with the cowpunchers.

May 21, 1898. The blunders & delays of the Ordnance Bureau surpass belief. They express us stuff we don't need, & send us the rifles by slow freight! There is no energy, no intelligence in the War Dept.

Again for three days there are no entries.

May 24, 1898. Quota nearly filled. It is astonishing how rapidly we have armed, mounted and drilled these men. Wood's power of work & executive capacity are wonderful.

May 29, 1898. Started for Tampa, in train of 7 sections. I had charge of rear four.

triumvirate. We would give much to-day if a group of Washington's friends or a group of Lincoln's associates had, immediately after the death of their leader, set about collecting mementos and memorabilia as your organization is collecting them. We know those two great lives only too fragmentarily. Thanks to the work your Association is doing, posterity will know Roosevelt more completely than it will know any of his predecessors."

The newspapers have taken up the campaign with a good deal of zest and "the Colonel" has been "back on the front page" again, revealing even in death the characteristic resiliency. The particular event that bought his

May 30, 1898. Railway system tends to break down. Interminable delays; no proper facilities for unloading horses, to rest, water or feed, &c., &c.

May 31, 1898. Up each night for all night, loading & unloading.

June 3, 1898. Reached Tampa in morning. Railway system in wildest confusion; it took us 12 hours to get into camp with our baggage.

June 4, 1898. Horses very tried, & drilled on foot.

June 5, 1898. No words can paint the confusion. No head, a breakdown of both the railroad & military systems of the country.

June 6, 1898. Mounted drill, very good, much admired by foreign attachés.

No plans; no staff officers; no instructions to us. Each officer finds out for himself & takes his chances. We are doing as well as the regular regiments. Have very light baggage.

June 8, 1898. Told to go aboard transport. Worst confusion yet. No allotment of transports; no plans; utter confusion.

June 9, 1898. After we were embarked we had to stay still! The mal-administration here beats everything. June 11, 1898. Delay in harbor. This tropical sun very bad for men.

June 12, 1898. Still in bay.

June 13, 1898. Transports weighed anchor in afternoon; went down bay & anchored.

June 14, 1898. Left Tampa Bay light-house in afternoon.

June 15, 1898. Late in evening saw Tortuga lights & those on Key West.

June 16, 1898. Progress very slow, chiefly because of the folly which has caused a schooner and a scow to be towed.

June 18, 1898. Sent back by Shafter to convey another transport which is towing a schooner. This is simply idiotic. We cannot help the other transport in any way as we have no tow-ropes, and the schooner would be towed under if we went any faster. We merely had another ship for the Bancroft, the rear gun-boat, to protect.

June 19, 1898. In company with towed schooner; fleet out of sight ahead.

June 20, 1898. Reached Santiago.

June 22, 1898. Landed.

June 23, 1898. Marched.

June 24, 1898. Fight—Las Guasimas. We drove enemy in fine shape. Lost 60 men, killed & wounded; 20 slight.

June 25, 1898. Rested.

June 26, 1898. Moved on 3 miles.

June 27, 1898. Continued in camp. I went on scout.

June 28, 1898. In same camp.

June 29, 1898. In same camp. I went back to coast to bring up ammunition & food.

June 30, 1898. Marched late in afternoon. Camped at 9 P.M.

July 1, 1898. Rose at 4. Big battle. Commanded regiment. Held extreme front of firing-line.

July 2, 1898. Under shell & rifle fire.

July 3, 1898. Truce at noon. Spanish fleet destroyed.

July 4, 1898. Truce. Mis-management horrible. No head to army.

There follow four days without entries.

July 10, 1898. Bombardment again.

July 11, 1898. Truce again. Shifted camp a mile to extend lines. Heaviest rains yet, at night.

Again there is a gap of five or six days.

July 17, 1898. Surrender of Santiago.

July 18, 1898. Shifted camp to foothills. 1/2 of men of my regiment dead or disabled by wounds or sickness.

As the undersigned, Theodore Roosevelt, part of the first part, and William Merrifield and Sylvanus Ferris, parties of the second part, do agree and contract as follows;
1) The party of the first part hereby agrees and contracts to put on the rancho of the parties of the second part situate on the Little Mission, in addition to the stock he now had thereon, one thousand head of cattle or thereabouts, the cost not to exceed twenty six thousand dollars (\$26,000.00). a & s

An excellent example of the Roosevelt chirography. It will be noted that the greatest American of recent days wrote a hand which, though easy to read, was by no means "Spencerian."

There is one more entry on Sunday, July 24th:

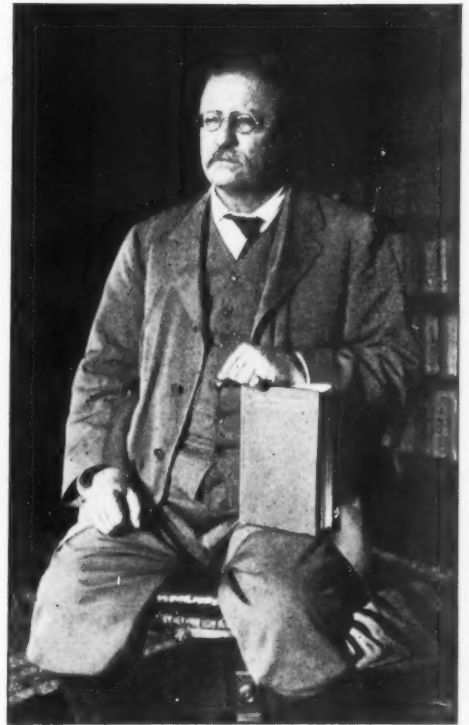
Service. The health of the camp is very slightly improved.

Beside the Spanish War diary, the Roosevelt family presented the spectacle-case which Colonel Roosevelt carried when he was shot in Milwaukee, and some pages of the speech he read that same night, with the bullet in his body and the wound untended. There are bullet holes in the manuscript sheets and bullet holes in the spectacle-case. It is not unlikely that the case and the manuscript together saved Mr. Roosevelt's life, for the pack of thick paper stopped the force of the bullet, and the steel case deflected it.

Others have given gifts of extraordinary interest. Mr. H. J. Whigham, publisher of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, with which Mr. Roosevelt was connected during the last years of his life, has presented the autograph manuscript of "Murder on the High Seas," written by Mr. Roosevelt immediately after the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

There is an interesting story connected with that manuscript. It was written in Syracuse, during the course of the trial for libel against Colonel Roosevelt by Mr. William Barnes. The trial was nearing its close, and the case was ready to go to the jury. One of the jurymen was a

German-American and one of Mr. Roosevelt's attorneys had mildly expressed the hope to Mr. Roosevelt that he would not find it necessary to "bust out" again about Germany before the verdict was rendered. On May 7, the *Lusitania* was sunk. Mr. Whigham instantly telegraphed Mr. Roosevelt for a statement to be printed in the *Metropolitan*, which was going to press next day, for publication three weeks thereafter. A day later the statement came, and it was hot shot from the initial capital to the final period. Mr. Whigham decided to give it to the press at once, in advance of publication, and asked for permission by wire. The end of the trial was in sight, and in the jury-box sat the German-American. But the answer was prompt and unequivocal. "By all means, print at once." The article was printed the next day in almost every newspaper in the country. But the German-American was not as hyphenated as the attorney imagined, for Roosevelt won his suit.



INTERNATIONAL

An unconventional portrait of Theodore Roosevelt. It was taken at his home in Oyster Bay on June 9, 1916.

PORTO MAURIZIO,

April 11th 1910.

Dear Vanner:

That's fine! Will you see Redmond and O'Connor and arrange about the luncheon? ~~What a splendid idea!~~ I note what you say, that "the higher classes in England" object to my lunching with the Irish Members, but I don't feel that they have any warrant in thus objecting. I know Redmond and O'Connor, and have a right to meet whom I choose. I have been the open and frank upholder of the British Empire, and the advocate of its position in the world. But they have no right to dictate to me as to whom I shall see or whom I shall not see. Let the lunch be after the Guildhall entertainment, and of course let it be a private lunch, with nothing to be said about it in public, and no speeches.

Give my love to dear Mrs. Wynne. It was delightful to see your daughter in Cairo, even for a moment, and her husband seemed a fine fellow.

Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Robert Wynne, Esq.,
Berners Hotel, London.

KEYSTONE

As those who knew him realized fully, when Mr. Roosevelt wanted to do a thing he usually did it. Striking testimony to the truth of this statement may be found in this letter, written to Robert J. Wynne, when Mr. Wynne was our Consul-General in London.

The Outlook Company, with which Mr. Roosevelt became associated after he left the presidency, has presented the copyrights of "The New Nationalism," "Outlook Editorials" and "American Problems," all three written by Theodore Roosevelt and published by them. Col. Henry Watterson has presented a complete collection of his anti-Roosevelt editorials from the *Louisville Courier Journal*. Mr. Benjamin F. Adams has given a first edition of "The Summer Birds of the Adirondacks," by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and H. D. Minot, published at the end of Mr. Roosevelt's freshman year at Harvard in the summer of 1877. Messrs. Ivins, Wolf and Hoguet, who conducted the case for Mr. William Barnes in the famous suit of Barnes vs. Roosevelt in Syracuse in 1915, have presented the four volumes of testimony taken in the course of the trial.

So much for a few of the gifts. What is to be done with them? Early in the new year the largest exhibition of Roosevelt relics which has yet been held will be opened in New York City. The ultimate abiding-place of the collection will be either Washington or Oyster Bay—a fire-proof building where the material will be brought together for public inspection.

It is a new type of memorial which the Association, dedicated to "the perpetuation of Roosevelt's ideals," is creating. It will be the institution which gathers "the records and mementos of a great life," and makes these records and mementos a part of the heritage of every American.

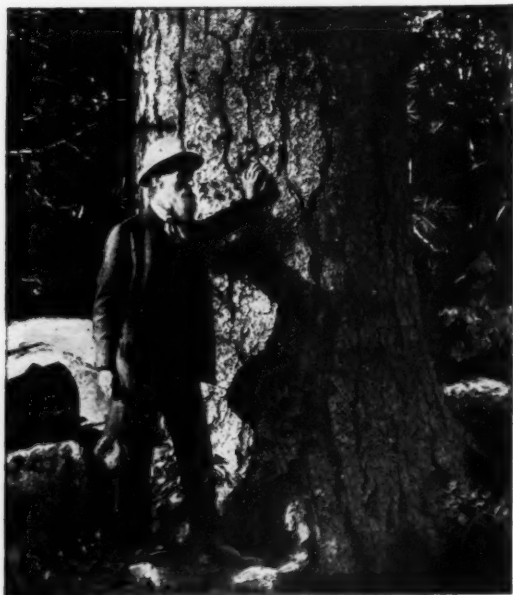
PARK THAT WILL BE NAMED AFTER ROOSEVELT



an actuality. The splendid memorial could have been planned for the man whose name, even in his lifetime, was frequently
 article in the Roy Jeffers, a leading authority on the mountainous regions of the far West, says: "Scenically the most
 Sierra Nevada, California. Known only to the members of the Sierra Club, the California Alpine Club, and the hardly
 come world-famous for its beauty and grandeur." Above (center) we see Kearsarge Pinnacles, which border the John Muir Trail.

G. R. BUNN

The summit of Mount Whitney. Its height is 14,502 feet, which renders it not only easily the greatest peak in the great park but in the entire continental United States, as well.



G. R. KING

John Muir. For a lifetime he wrote about the mountains and canyons of the area comprised in the Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park, and with untiring effort he sought strenuously to keep them inviolate from any commercial inroads.

IT is fitting that the greatest National Memorial to Theodore Roosevelt should be the creation of a National Park. Scenically the most wonderful region in the United States, not yet included in a park, is adjacent to the crest of the Sierra Nevada in California. Known only to the members of the Sierra Club, the California Alpine Club, and the hardy few who have explored its canyons and climbed its mountains in the past, this region is destined to become world-famous for its beauty and grandeur.

The southwestern portion of the new park, already set aside as the Sequoia National Park, contains the most magnificent forest known to man. From east to west the proposed Roosevelt-Sequoia Park is seamed with the tremendous canyons of the Kings River and its branches; while flowing from north to south, in the lower portion of the park, the Kern River has found its way in another great canyon. The unequalled scenery of the park culminates on the crest of the High Sierra, which for seventy miles will form its eastern boundary. Here is Mount Whitney, 14,502 feet, highest of all the peaks in the United States proper; and there are scores of summits all along the range that are but little lower.

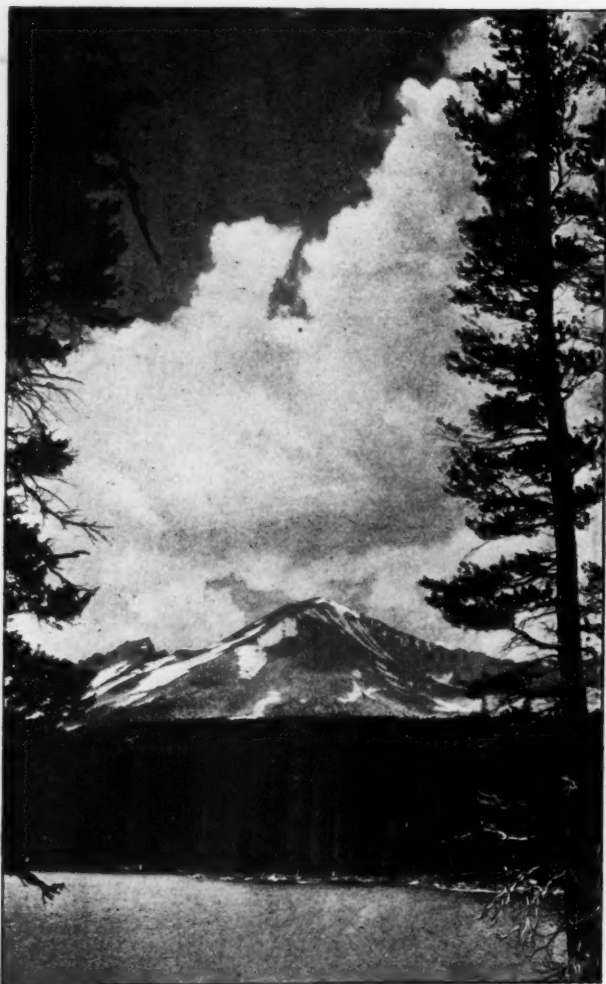
It is intended that the Roosevelt-Sequoia Park shall comprise about 1,365 square miles. Owing to its varying elevation the scenery is widely diversified. Following the example of John Muir, I have roamed alone with a pack over much of it, and at other times have seen its wonders with the Sierra Club. Although I am more or less familiar with all the mountain regions of this country and Canada, there are none to which I turn

G. R. BUNN

*The Kaweah Peaks rise to nearly 14,000 feet near the canyon of the Kern. This is Moraine Lake on the Chagoopa Plateau, in which is found the famous golden trout (*Salmo roosevelti*) of the High Sierra, which at lower altitudes loses its fine color.*

IMMORTALIZING THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Congress Is Asked to Create Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park in California



with greater joy than to this paradise of nature.

In the Sequoia Park there are more than a million sequoias, 12,000 of which are over ten feet in diameter. In the Giant Forest nature has surpassed herself, reaching in the General Sherman tree the amazing dimensions of thirty-six and one-half feet in diameter and 280 feet in height. For nearly 4,000 years this tree has successfully fought the battle of life! In the General Grant grove is another sequoia of nearly the same size. Close to the Giant Forest is Moro Rock, from whose summit one may look down for 4,000 feet into the canyon of the Middle Fork of the Kaweah. Northwest of the forest on Cactus Creek, Crystal Cave has recently been discovered. It penetrates a limestone mountain for an unknown dis-

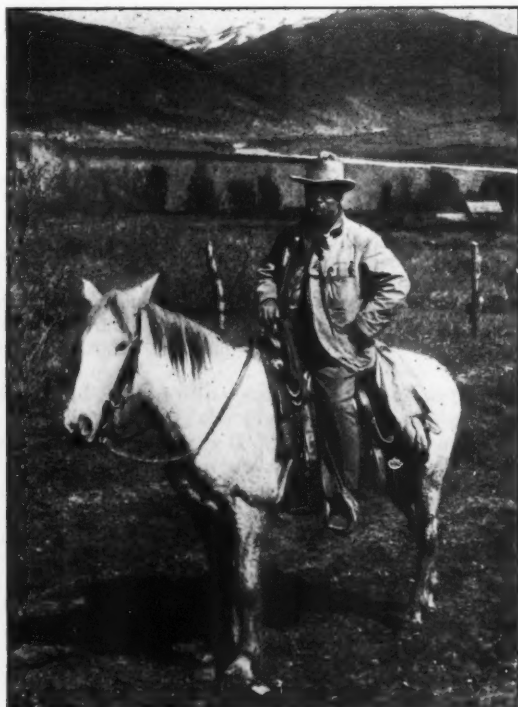
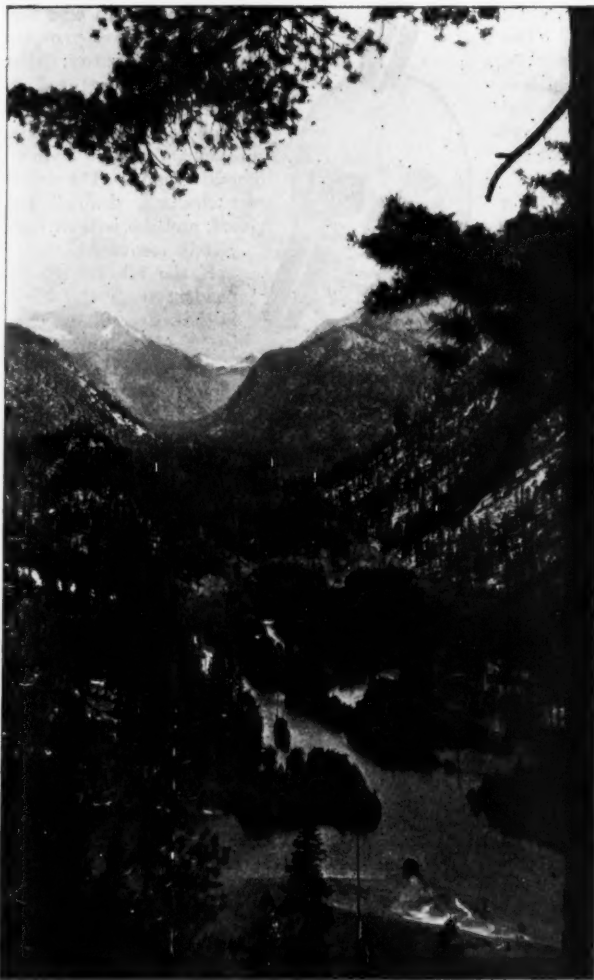
tance and is rich in beautiful formations.

For the motorist who would enter the park in his own car, or for the traveler who would arrive by motor stage, the western approach is at present the most feasible. From the railway points of Fresno or Sanger the road lies eastward to the General Grant National Park, where one may pause to view the giant sequoias. It then climbs to Hume, a great lumber camp, where one may secure pack animals for Camp Kanaway in the Kings River Canyon, or for a more extensive trip in the park.

The usual route to the Kern River Canyon is from Visalia, Exeter and Lemon Cove. At Three Rivers this route branches, one leading to Mineral King, where the car is left. There one may cross Farewell Gap, or Franklin Pass,

IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

By LE ROY JEFFERS, F. R. G. S., Explorers' Club
Secretary, Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs



© UNDERWOOD

The man after whom the park will be named. Nobody ever enjoyed a ride or an invigorating hike through the mountainous regions of the West more than Theodore Roosevelt.

F. S. BERNAYS

Kern River Canyon in the proposed park. From Kern Lake, which is fast being filled with islands, the canyon extends northward as straight as an arrow for thirty miles and its colorful walls grow higher and higher and more beautiful as one advances up it.

of Alta Peak innumerable streams offer one cooling refreshment. With abundance of Sierran water and the pure air which awaits one at 9,000 to 14,000 feet, one may travel afoot for long distances without discomfort. Leaving the trail I descended the slopes of Buck Canyon through unyielding manzanita and thorn bush, having quite enough exercise by the time I had reached the far rim of the canyon; but I kept on by starlight to Redwood Meadow. In the morning my sleeping bag seemed to have increased in weight as I toiled up the wooded slope of Timber Gap, 9,400 feet, from which there is a precipitous descent to the little village of Mineral King.

Choosing the route into the Kern over the Great Western Divide at Franklin Pass, I found the trail lost in snow, at 11,300 feet. The view from the summit reveals the tremendous glacial action of ages ago, which is found throughout the entire range. Everywhere the ice polished the granite domes and pavements; and, where glaciers were born, there are now enormous cirques with walls 1,000 feet and more in height, that are often carried upward in silvery spires of rock. Clusters of glacial lakes are scattered over every extensive landscape. Descending Rattlesnake Canyon, imposing cliffs accompanied me to the Kern.

Traveling south to Kern Lake, I joined the Sierra Club on their visit to Golden Trout Creek, the home of *Salmo rooseveltii*. This remarkable fish, gleaming with red and gold in the sunshine, has

(Concluded on page 567)

which is scenically preferable as it descends the fine Canyon of Rattlesnake Creek to the Kern. If the northern route from Three Rivers is taken one will camp in the Giant Forest, which by all means should be seen. By pack train one can then journey south to Mineral King and so on into the Kern, from which there is a trail to Mount Whitney.

To enter the park from the east one may arrive by rail or by private auto on a desert road through the Owens River Valley, which parallels the mountains. Lone Pine is the outfitting point for the climb of Mt. Whitney, and for reaching the Kern via Lone Pine Canyon and Whitney Pass. Independence is the gateway to the Kings from the east, and one may follow pack animals over Kearsarge Pass into this country. By either of these

eastern trail entrances steep climbing is required to reach the crest of the range, after which it is all down hill.

With the recent completion of the John Muir trail from Tuolumne Meadows, in the Yosemite National Park, south to Mt. Whitney, a highly scenic approach to the Roosevelt-Sequoia Park is provided, which few have as yet enjoyed. After leaving the Yosemite, the Devil's Postpile, a remarkable basaltic formation, is passed. Much of the route lies close to the crest of the Sierra and mountain scenery of a high order rewards one for his exertion.

On one occasion I went up the Kaweah to the base of Moro Rock and climbed to the Giant Forest, where I took the trail to Alta Meadows, a flower strewn mountain slope at 9,000 feet. From the snows

IS OUR BRAIN THE ORGAN OF THOUGHT?

Some Startling Discoveries Which Cast Doubt Upon This Generally-Accepted Idea

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph.D.

"OF COURSE the brain is the organ of thought! Whoever doubts this, in these days, is ignorant!" That would doubtless be the reply of every educated reader to this question, when first propounded.

And yet the answer to this question is not, perhaps, so simple and straightforward as might be thought. It was not always believed that consciousness resided in the brain. The Ancients imagined that it was located in the lungs, the heart, the spleen, and various internal organs of the body. The theory that mind and brain are related in some causal relation is a relatively modern idea. But a great deal of evidence in support of this belief has been gained within the past century, so that it is to-day held as a truism that thought and brain are, as it were, coincidental in space, and further, that the activity of the brain somehow produces thought.

The evidence for all this was gained by a series of delicate anatomical researches. It was found, first of all, that the bodily senses terminated in certain definite "sense organs" in the brain, and that these centers somehow gave us the sensation of the object perceived. Again, certain areas of the brain send out impulses which move certain muscles, so that we can place a finger on a definite spot in the brain, and say: "This part of the brain moves the great toe on the left foot"—or whatever it is.

A systematic charting of the brain was accordingly undertaken, and it was found that some parts moved certain members of the body; other parts gave rise to sensations; other parts enabled us to "associate" ideas; still other parts rendered possible higher, abstract thought, memory, imagination, etc. The activities of the brain as a whole gave rise to thought and consciousness.

So far, so good! But certain difficulties, to be mentioned presently, arose. Further, a number of specific facts, recently observed, seem to show that this theory (of brain activity somehow "making" thought) is not altogether correct, and must at least be seriously revised, in view of this newer evidence.

For, according to the older view, if a portion of the brain were destroyed, the

mind would be obliterated; man would be "dead." The mind would necessarily be destroyed as the brain was destroyed. But a number of cases have been reported, of late, in which this is not the case!

Thus, in one instance, a crow-bar was driven completely through the brain of a workman; it was abstracted, and he lived and maintained his mental life almost intact. In Sing Sing Prison, a few weeks ago, a bullet was abstracted from the brain of Roman Leondowski, a prisoner, by Dr. William L. Chapman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the patient was restored to normal life and a sound mind, after having been insane for more than four years—the length of time the bullet had continued to remain lodged in his brain!



AFTER BIGELOW

In numerous instances large portions of the brain have been destroyed without causing death. There is on record one case in which a crow-bar was driven into a man's cheek and out through the crown of his forehead, as shown by this cut. The injured man afterward lived twelve years, and was able to earn a good living.

being a young girl who had fallen out of a carriage on the Metropolitan Railway. After trephining (opening the skull) it was observed that a considerable portion of cerebral substance had been reduced literally to pulp. The wound was cleansed, drained and closed, and the patient completely recovered.

If the mind were dependent upon the brain, in the sense usually imagined, this would be impossible. If the organ of thought were destroyed, thought itself would cease! Is not the mind, in a sense, and at times, more or less independent of the brain? Here is another case tending to prove it:

Dr. A. Guerin, of Paris, recently reported the case of a soldier, Louis R—, (to-day a gardener near

Paris) who, in spite of the loss of a large part of his brain, continues to develop intellectually as a normal subject—in spite of the removal of convolutions considered to be the seat of essential functions. Nine other cases of like nature were submitted by Dr. Guerin, from which, he says, we may conclude:

"(1) That the partial amputation of the brain in man is possible, relatively easy, and saves certain wounded men, whom received theory would regard as condemned to certain death, or to incurable infirmities.

"(2) That these patients seem not in any way to feel the loss of such a cerebral region."

Dr. Nicholas Ortiz has also reported three cases, the first of a boy fourteen years of age, the second that of a man forty-five years old, and the third, that of a young man, eighteen years of age, in all of which practically the whole brain had been destroyed by abscesses. Yet these patients managed to think logically for long periods of time, and one of them drew up his will only a few days before his death. How did they think with their brains all but destroyed?

These facts have made such an impression upon certain physiologists and psychologists that they are now contending that the older views of the connection between brain and mind must be given up. Thus, Dr. Dwelshauvers, in his re-

(Concluded on page 574)



Here are shown the common forms of the cells in the human brain. The scientists are, as yet, unable to solve the mystery of the brain, and of late theories which have been considered sound for years are being questioned.

M. Edmond Perrier has brought before the French Academy of Sciences a case observed by Dr. R. Robinson, of a man who lived a year, nearly without pain, and without any mental disturbance, with a brain reduced to pulp by a huge purulent abscess. Dr. Hallopeau has reported to the Surgical Society an operation at the Necker Hospital—the patient

When you were in Paris, and you read *La Vie Parisienne*, the pictures you probably enjoyed most were those by that clever French artist—René Vincent. Talk about pep, sparkle, snap and zip—oh boy! But now you don't have to go to Paris to enjoy his pictures for you'll find them in color in

If you haven't seen them, there's a real treat in store for you.

15c. at your favorite news stand.

Judge



"In the Rough"

AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL Nature Studies by W. E. HILL

WOMAN AND THE WEED

JUST as we had reached the point where we no longer turned on hearing that a woman behind us was smoking cigarettes—we're slow, we admit it—along came word from fashionable London that women were smoking cigars. And pipes. Smoking and enjoying them.

Concede that there is something feminine and dainty about a cigarette. Women as a rule handle them much more gracefully than men do. But it remains to be seen whether woman can smoke a fat perfecto and look feminine while she does it. If she can manage to, and the habit grows, we shall soon see under the illustrations to current novels such captions as these:

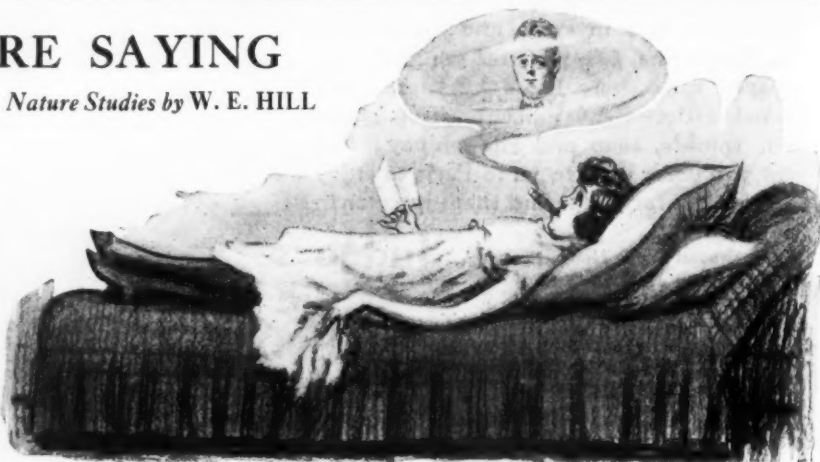
Guendolyn paced the deck, puffing meditatively upon her after-dinner pipe.

Clara bit savagely at the end of a fresh panatella and faced her caller fearlessly.

Stretched full length upon the couch, a newly lighted cigar between her teeth, Eleanor was in the mood for dreaming.

"Mother," cried Avice, tossing aside her cigar with a gesture of impatience, "stop blowing those stupid smoke-rings and listen to me!"

And on the stage the opportunities will be legion. Do you remember the stratagem whereby William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes escaped from the villainous Professor Moriarty? No? Well, just as he was cornered, he smashed the lamp and put the stage in total darkness. "Follow the glow of his cigar," bellowed the Professor; and when the lights went up again, there was the cigar stuck in the wall (or somewhere) and Sherlock safe at



"Stretched full length upon the couch, a newly-lighted cigar between her teeth, Eleanor was in the mood for dreaming."

the exit door, giving his pursuers the laugh.

Dramatically, this stunt is old enough now to be new. And what a magnificent opportunity to escape it affords the imprudent young heroine who finds herself in the dastardly bachelor's apartment at midnight!

* * *

We are, beyond doubt, a wasteful people. For example, what becomes of all the good wood in the grape seeds? Be it said to our shame that this headline has never appeared in print: "Man Builds Cosy Bungalow from Seeds of Grapes He Ate."

* * *

MARY'S PEAS

HOW did it happen that Mary Tiddell, champion pea-sheller of Covent Garden market, was overlooked by the Sunday journalists?

Mary has been shelling peas forty years. Think what this means. Assuming that pods average five peas each, and that Mary can empty twenty pods per minute, she dispossesses 100 peas per minute, or

6,000 per hour. In a working day of eight hours, Mary's pile of peas totals 48,000; and in six days, a working week, it amounts to 288,000. But peas are not an all-year vegetable, so let us say that Mary's season is ten weeks long, which means that she shells 2,880,000 "early-Junes" per annum. And Mary has been shelling peas forty years! Grand total of shelled peas for Mary, 115,200,000!

But we're not through yet. The really big stuff is coming. Put the peas in a straight line. Allowing five adult peas to an inch, it will take sixty of them to make a foot. In her forty years of industry, Mary shelled 1,920,000 feet of peas; or something like 363 miles. And now, if you have time, put Mary's peas in upright formation and consider them vertically. The height of the Woolworth Building is 792 feet, so it's a matter of simple arithmetic. Divide 1,920,000 by 792 and you stagger back on finding that it would require 2,424 Woolworth Buildings, standing one above another, to top the pile of Mary's peas.

And the Sunday journalists let it pass!

* * *

An investigation of the Pot, by the Kettle, is under way in New York City, where the Hyman administration is being "probed" by a committee from the Albany legislature.

* * *

CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE

GERMAN wives demand union labor status. Why not, as a post-war measure, authorize limited polygamy? Each German to be allowed three wives, the day's housework to be divided into three shifts of eight hours each?

* * *

And now, it seems, auto-stealing is attributed to prenatal influence. For the sake of their unborn babes, young married couples will yearn for nothing more expensive than a Ford.



The imprudent young heroine, following the lead of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, escapes from the bachelor's apartment at midnight.

Our Greatest Fighting Game—(Concluded from page 554)

his memory a gate at the entrance to Soldiers' Field, the great Harvard Athletic Field. His diary, published after his death by some of his friends, contained a quotation that was a favorite with Newell, and which as much as anything gives the key to his far-reaching influence. Said he: "Make thou my spirit pure and clear, As are the frosty skies."

Even more famous as a player was Frank Hinkey of Yale. Hinkey played on four Yale teams. He captained two of them, and was All American end during his entire period of play. After graduation as a coach, Hinkey was for years the great influence behind the Yale system when victory at Yale was a by-word.

MANY stories are told about Hinkey's greatness as a player. One rather unsophisticated coach after watching the great Yale end play went back to Cambridge and said, "Why, they never seem to try to run around him; they always run at him," which was indeed a tribute to Hinkey's genius.

Hinkey had a deadly facility at tackling. It is said that he caught the runner about the knees, turned with him in midair, and pitched him headlong with the runner's own momentum. Naturally, being tackled by Hinkey hurt. For years this slight and slender young fellow was Harvard's *bête noir*. An old Harvard graduate upon first seeing how small he was exclaimed, "That little fellow, the man that has terrorized all Harvard? Impossible." Hinkey's wonderful playing has been the inspiration of many of the great ends that followed him.

So it goes, down a wonderful galaxy of football stars: Hilderbrand, Church, Lewis, Waters, Dibblee, Heston, Eckersall, Brickley, Prichard, Mahan, Oliphant, Gipp. The list of the men whose ability was supreme in their day is limitless.

The prowess of some of the present-day coaches seems to be without end. Football coaching is apparently cumulative and the longer a coach coaches the more clearly are the basic principles of football defined to him and the better, apparently, the results he obtains. This, of course, might reasonably be expected.

In general, there are two distinct methods of handling coaching. There are those systems which are, so to speak, one-man systems. Most of the small teams of the country are of this character, and it may be said some of the large teams also. Among coaches of this character, are such famous names as those of Warner, Dobie, Sanford, Yost, Zupple, Bezdieck, Jones, Wilce, Hesissman, Williams, Folwell, and others. These are all great drillmasters and great tacticians in football. They can be counted upon year by year to turn out high-grade, hard-hitting teams who ordinarily will win

over an opponent, unless the latter is decidedly superior. It is a curious fact that an analysis of the methods of these various men shows that they adhere more or less strictly to the great principles of the tactics of war. Unity in control, simplicity and concentration are watchwords with them. If the battle is to go to the team that will fight, the opponent may rest assured that their teams will be sure to fight and, what is fully as important, they will fight all the afternoon.

The so-called systems of the great universities is another method of handling the coaching problem. Under this

established. Possibly the striking analogy between war and football is again manifest and later we may find it axiomatic that the one-man system is better than the group system. For the present this is not established.

The great thrill from the game of football lies in the forward pass. It is the joy of the spectator and the problem of the coach. A carefully drilled competent team is often upset by a rival 20 per cent. weaker, skilled in passing. To the spectator this result is satisfactory. He sees the ball shot through the air to the speeding end. Open field running and brilliant tackles abound. But uneasy sit both coaches. At any moment an intercepted or successful pass may lead to a touchdown for either side. It is entirely too much of a gamble to please hard-working, long-suffering coaches.

The pass is almost entirely an individual play. Its success lies 90 per cent. in the passer. Fortunate indeed is the team with a skilled passer—a player who under pressure can pick up the speeding end and float a fast travelling lob just in front of his face, so that it cannot be mishandled. Such passers are few and far between, but at times they do appear.

In 1913 Notre Dame sent East a team equipped with just such a passer, and their passing combination, Dorais to Rockne, furnished a startling sensation, against an Army team not unskilled itself in passing. Indeed, Prichard to Merrilat became the greatest passing and receiving pair in the game. I have seen this pair by successive passes take the ball the entire length of the field. Both players had a genius for the play. Prichard could throw as probably no passer has ever thrown before or since and Merrilat was a wonder at getting the ball. On numerous occasions Merrilat leaping in the midst of three or four defending backs

came away with the ball where success seemed almost impossible to the experts watching the game.

MANY games indeed have been decided by this gambling method of play. Among the most famous of such plays is the long throw from the Yale full back to Paul Veeder, the Yale end, in the Harvard-Yale game of 1906. Two equal teams deadlocked in the ordinary methods of play were suddenly rendered a startling decision through use of the forward pass. Similar instances have occurred in many other games, as in the Army-Notre Dame game of 1916 and the Harvard-Dartmouth game of 1908.

Hours of drill and training are required for skillful passing and its defence. But at best when the curtain rises for its use it may unexpectedly prove a decided boomerang in the hands of any but the most expert.

AGE

By Berton Braley

I FLATTERED myself that I'd kept my youth

That as far as the world could see, in truth,
My hair was thick and my movements quick

And lithe as they ever were;
But a maiden of twenty glanced at me,
And the way she glanced I could clearly see
That in spite of my pep and my youthful step
I didn't look young to her!

Oh, you may deny that you're on the shelf,
And quite successfully kid yourself,

But you won't deceive the Daughter of Eve
Whose youth is youth indeed;
She will let you jolly her at a dance
(But oh, the tolerance of her glance)
As her young eyes gauge your probable age
In spite of your zest and speed!

Oh, there may be youth in your inmost heart,
And your outward semblance be young and smart,

But Youth won't fall for your bluff at all
Though bravely enough you try,
When the girls' smiles say—as you have your fling—

"Oh, isn't he simply a spry old thing!"
Why, it should be plain (though it brings you pain)
That you've bidden your youth good-bye!

method a group of coaches, like a board of directors, is assembled under a chairman like Houghton, Fisher, Tad Jones, and Roper, who co-ordinate their work so as to gain the advantage of many heads with but a single thought. This is the method of handling the coaching system at Harvard and Yale and also at the Military Academy.

It is undetermined as to which of these two methods is the more advisable. The tendency, however, seems to be to place the fortunes of a football team under a single man who does most of the coaching himself. For the present this is not a universally adopted scheme, nor can it be said that it is the better. This is one of the problems which the game of football is now working out.

It may be, that this single-headed system, the dictatorship of a single coach, is advisable. In ancient days when Rome was in peril a military dictatorship was



MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M. E.

Readers desiring information about motorcars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d Street, New York. We are glad to answer inquiries free of charge.

DOES A SECOND-HAND CAR MAKE A GOOD INVESTMENT?

THE answer to that question is about as indefinite as a proper reply to the query. "Did we have good weather last year?" What special day did you have in mind when you asked the second question; and what is the make of the second-hand car to which you refer when you ask the first question?

But the value of a second-hand car is not determined alone by the maker's nameplate which it bears. In fact, in many instances, that may be a secondary consideration. Almost any car when it leaves the factory is in first-class condition and its design or the care and skill of workmanship which enter into its construction will have no more effect on its condition at the end of a year or more of service than will the care given it by its owner during that time.

If he is of the intelligent, conscientious type of driver, he will see that the radiator is kept filled with water, that the proper type and quantity of lubricant is used in the crank case at frequent intervals, that the grease cups and oil cups are kept filled and screwed down tight, that the springs are graphited or otherwise lubricated, that the tires are kept properly inflated with frequent attention to cuts and bruises, that the wheels are tested for alignment, that the spark plugs are cleaned and carbon removed frequently, that the steering gear is not allowed to become too loose, and that the car is operated with care and skill so far as the use of the clutch, brakes and accelerator are concerned.

A car so fortunate as to fall into the hands of such an owner will be worth far more at the end of two or three seasons of service than will one which may have cost more originally, but which may have been driven by a man careless of these details essential to proper motor car upkeep. Thus the maker's nameplate may, as already inferred, weigh but little in judging of the value of a second-hand car. However, it is difficult to trace the history of a second-hand car and to know the ability of the owner who operated it during its previous stage of existence. For this reason the purchase of a second-hand car becomes as much of a gamble

ductions which would enable them to secure their new car. This has resulted in the retention of many old cars which have, literally, been run "on their last legs." That old car, however, will be taken in trade, and some sort of allowance made for it by the

new car dealer, and once on his hands he must dispose of it with as little loss as possible.

If the old car taken in exchange is of the same make as that handled by the dealer who makes the sale, he may send it through his service station for a "reconditioning," which may make it almost the equal of a new car in that model. Such

DO YOU KNOW:

1. What is the difference between a babbitt and a bronze bearing.
2. What is the difference between a three and four point suspension in an automobile power plant?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOUND IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. Why can some gas engines run backward, while others can operate in but one direction?

The admission of the explosive charge and the expulsion of the burned gases in the four-cycle, or ordinary type of automobile engine, are controlled by the action of mechanically-operated valves. Thus, two complete revolutions of the engine are required to obtain one explosion in each cylinder. If the engine is reversed, the action of the valves will come at the wrong time, unless the cams are changed to rearrange the entire timing of the engine. In the two-cycle engine, however, in which but one complete revolution is required for each impulse, the engine can run as well in one direction as in the other. This type of power plant, however, is used only in small motor boats and stationary outfits.

2. Why is an oversize tire easier riding than the regular size designed for that weight of car?

The cushioning effect of a pneumatic tire is obtained from the air within the tube. If each cubic inch of air must carry a certain weight, the cushioning effect would be less than would be the case were that load per cubic inch of air to be reduced. With an oversized tire the volume of air is greater and therefore the load for every cubic inch would be less than is the case with the normal size of tire. This increases the cushioning effect proportionately.

as does the proverbial selection of "a pig in a poke"—especially as the unprincipled used car dealer may "dope" certain defects of the car so that they will not appear until after a hundred miles of use or more. Worn transmissions may be quieted temporarily by the use of special gear compounds; lost compression may be restored for a short time by the use of heavy oil; and worn bearings and mechanical knocks may be dampened through expert operation.

This condition attendant on the sale of second-hand cars is at present aggravated more than is usually the case owing to the fact that cars heretofore have been high in price and owners have been waiting the long-expected re-



INTERNATIONAL

This radio outfit which can be fitted to any automobile was recently tested in San Francisco. Picking up messages from thousands of miles away; listening to the playing of an orchestra while jogging along at a thirty-mile clip; and hearing a public address, in spite of the noise of the cut-out, were a few of the novelties of the demonstration.

cars sold under a reputable dealer's guarantee as to condition and with the ability to extend proper service included in the
(Concluded on page 574)

Immortalizing Theodore Roosevelt In the Great Outdoors

(Concluded from page 561)

been successfully transplanted by the club, which has taken it in milk cans to some of the higher lakes of the range. The fish retain their color at the higher elevations, but lose it when brought to lower streams.

The mighty Kings River Canyon is at about the center of the Roosevelt-Sequoia Park. After a strenuous day's travel in which I had viewed the great sequoias of the General Grant Park, I arrived one night at Hume on the western border of the park. Securing a horse, I started at moonrise after ten o'clock, traveling afoot over the steep ridges and enjoying the fragrance of azaleas and the moonbeams through the sequoias. It was sixteen miles to Horse Corral Meadow, which I reached at 4 A.M. Here I left my horse for others to use, shouldered my thirty-five pound pack, and climbed Lookout Peak, 8,547 feet for its unusual view of the canyon.

Cutting the trail, I descended the precipitous, 4,000 foot slope through silver firs and giant sugar and yellow pines to the sandy floor of Kings Canyon. The heat of the sun, reflected from the walls of the canyon, was intense, but I reached Camp Kanawyer for lunch after about fifteen miles of travel that morning. Here the walls of the main Kings Canyon are highest, the North Dome reaching 8,657 feet, while across the river the Grand Sentinel is 8,514 feet, or more than 3,500 feet above the stream.

Here one may ascend by the Copper Creek trail to Simpson Meadow on the Middle Fork of the Kings and follow down its strikingly rugged canyon to Tehipite Valley. Above the valley towers one of the greatest rocks in the Sierra, Tehipite Dome with over 3,600 feet of smooth granite. Another route of great appeal from Kanawyers is up the foaming South Fork of Kings River to Paradise Valley and along Woods Creek to the John Muir trail, which may be followed north to lovely Grouse Meadows; then over Muir Pass at 12,050 feet, to the rarely visited Evolution Group of peaks.

To the south the trail passes the needle-pointed Kearsarge Pinnacles and enters Center Basin with its chain of transparent lakes and carpets of heather. Then it makes a surprising jump nearly to the summit of Junction Peak, 13,903 feet, which seems to have been the only way that it could cross the Kings Kern Divide. This trail was being constructed when I went over the route.

We have never known a true lover of nature, or a mountaineer, to visit any portion of the proposed Roosevelt-Sequoia Park without returning enthusiastic in his or her own desire that this region be preserved intact as a National Park.

Solve the Puzzle WIN \$1000.00



How Many Objects Starting With "S" Can You Find in Picture?
Larger Copies of the Picture Sent on Request

The picture here contains a number of objects beginning with the letter "S". Pick out objects like shoes, stockings, stool, etc. Nothing is hidden. Make a list of all the objects you can see. Have the whole family join in and see who gets the most. The one who gets the largest and nearest correct list wins first prize; second best list, second prize, etc.

EVERYBODY JOIN IN

This picture puzzle game is really not a puzzle at all, for all the objects and parts of objects can be seen. All you need to do is to look sharply at the picture. Your ability to find "S" words determines the prize you win. Everybody can join in. It costs nothing to try, and if the judges decide that you have the nearest correct list you will win \$20.00. However, below, you will find full particulars on how to win the \$1,000.00.

The object of this picture puzzle game is to introduce and get more people acquainted with Minnesota Fountain Pens. Thousands of them are now giving satisfactory service every day. We want you to buy one of our pens, and in order to make the purchase of one of these easy writing pens doubly attractive we are making this special offer:

HOW TO WIN THE \$1,000.00

If the judges decide that your answer to this puzzle picture is the best and you have purchased one of our \$5.00 Minnesota Fountain Pens during this contest, you will win \$1,000.00. This offer is genuine, and there are no strings attached to it. An order for a \$5.00 Minnesota Pen is all that is required to make your answer to the picture puzzle eligible for the \$1,000.00 prize. If you do not care to invest \$5.00 in a fountain pen, the purchase of one of our \$3.00 Minnesota Fountain Pens will qualify your list of words for the \$300.00 prize. Get busy now and see how many "S" words you can find.

MINNESOTA THE EASY WRITING FOUNTAIN PEN

The Minnesota is as good a fountain pen as you can buy, and the price is right. Once you use it, you will never be without it. The patented locking device on the filling lever is an excellent feature and you will appreciate the easy flow of the ink. Our pens are now in use in every state in the Union, and giving excellent satisfaction. Your dealer does not handle them as yet, but he will in a few months.

SEND YOUR ORDER BY NOV. 12th

The earlier you mail your answer to the puzzle and your remittance for a pen the better. The contest closes on November 12th. When ordering be sure to state whether you want a ladies' or gentlemen's size, and whether you want a fine, medium or stub point. Special points can be had for fifty cents additional.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee Minnesota Fountain Pens to be perfectly satisfactory. If you are not satisfied with it on arrival, return it and we will exchange it or refund your money.

MINNESOTA PEN COMPANY

Department 525

245 West Fourth St., - ST. PAUL, MINN.

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any person residing outside of St. Paul who is not an employee, or relative of any employee of the Minnesota Pen Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by Nov. 12th, 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only, and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use compound, hyphenated or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "S" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style, or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize will be paid each tying contestant.
9. Three well-known business men having no connection with the Minnesota Pen Co. will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following men have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition: F. A. Nienhauser, Vice President National Exchange Bank, St. Paul. Otto B. DeHaas, Advertising Manager Farmers Dispatch, St. Paul. J. H. Snider, Manager F. C. Harbaugh Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
10. All winners will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for a Minnesota Fountain Pen has been sent in.
11. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person purchasing a Minnesota Fountain Pen.

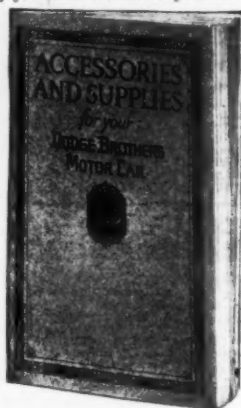
THE PRIZES

	If no pens are purchased	If one \$3.00 pen is purchased	If one \$5.00 pen is purchased
1st	\$20.00	\$300.00	\$1,000.00
2nd	10.00	150.00	500.00
3rd	5.00	75.00	250.00
4th	5.00	50.00	125.00
5th	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th	3.00	10.00	30.00
9th	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th to 15th	2.00	10.00	20.00

for every owner of a DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

With no owner of a Dodge Brothers Motor Car is it a question of *whether* he will add accessories, but of *what* accessories he will add. This is not to imply that the Dodge Brothers Car is not a wonderfully complete and efficient car as it is delivered from the factory.

It means simply that a car, particularly a Dodge Brothers Motor Car, stirs in all of us the same old jealous affection which, as boys and girls, we used to feel always for the favorite among our possessions. This feeling within us is just plain human and likable—a sign that we're not yet completely withered with the heat of the day, but still capable of enthusiasms. It is also good common sense, an effort to increase the safety and return from our investment. But strict care should be taken in the selection of these accessories—and also of the supplies so necessary in running the car. The market is stocked with supplies that are harmful and with accessories that at best are useless—in a deliberate attempt to exploit the owner's pride in his car. How do you *know* what accessory equipment will best serve your purpose in adding to your comfort and enjoyment in the use of your car?



Here is a book that gives you the selections of experts, made after careful study and test, and conference with the Bureau of Standards, Washington; Underwriter's Laboratories, and other institutions of scientific research.

Its conclusions are based, not upon guess or surmise, but on exact knowledge. It tells you specifically the exact make of equipment in each instance, which after thorough test, these experts believe will give you the best results. It also carries helpful suggestions on "The Care of the Brakes," "Rules of the Road," "The Care of Tires," and other information which, if followed, will prove to be of real value. The book is 5x7½" in size, 32 pages profusely illustrated, bound in heavy cover stock. It deserves a place with your "Book of Information." Your copy of this book will be sent postpaid on receipt of coin or stamps.

25c

WILLIAM GREEN, Inc.
627 West 43d St., New York City

Spawn of the Sea—(Continued from page 550)

"Tis as good as done," said Simon, gripping my arm. "Lead on."

I had no choice but to take him there. Liza Fox's little cabin lay behind a headland half a mile up the beach. We stood on the rotting porch while I tapped; then Simon added a tattoo and an oath.

"Wait a minute, please," came a sweet-sour oily voice from within. The door opened a little, and Liza peered out, scowling, yet forcing her lips to a smile. A fantastic woman, with freaks of red and blue ribbon to her slattern dress, and black eyes that took us in quickly.

"Not so much racket, please, gentlemen. This is a proper house."

"It is, is it?" and with a vile epithet Simon pushed the door open. "Well, it won't be long, unless you give us a dram—the lad and I are dying of thirst."

"Then keep your filthy talk to yourself," she retorted. "If you can't be civil, there's no rum for you here." But she let us into the house—a dark, ill-smelling, uncarpeted place, with a row of bottles on a shelf above a table. Liza Fox set chairs for us, and took down a fat bottle of chinaware.

"Ah!" and Simon put it to his lips. "This is the real old nectar. Set out a glass for the boy, you she-devil! He wants to wet his pipes too, I'll warrant."

"No!" I protested. "I never drink—I've no taste for it."

"Shut up, you fool!" roared Simon. "I'm paying. Look here!"—and he tossed a couple of coins on the table. "Fill her up; I'll give you a toast. 'Here's to them under the sea as has been given up for dead!' How's that?" He banged the table until the bottles jingled. "Down it, sonny; it'll make a man of you, fit to play a man's part in the world. Let's see you take it at a gulp!"

Thus urged, I lifted it, and drank without taking breath; choked a little, and felt the liquid fire course through my fibers.

"Ah! Makes your boilers simmer, eh?" Simon slapped me on the back and refilled my glass. I drank again—and then again. Then I heard my own voice, thin and silly, laughing, stuttering, even singing in the chorus of a shouted bacchanalian song. I had a dim image of Liza, by this time on the sailor's knee—I felt my arms and legs swoon under me, so that I lay on the floor, still singing—or at least it seemed to be myself that sang. After that, a happy, timeless, stupor . . . of endless, broken impressions. . . .

When I opened my eyes the sun was making long shadows on the grass where I lay. Over my head, blue sky, with sunny clouds; I could see tree-tops swaying, and could hear the ripple of water breaking over stones. Innocent sights! Gentle sounds! But as to myself—

With infinite trouble I got myself up on one elbow. Simon Pembroke sat a

little way off, his back to a tree. He was whittling down a piece of black plug tobacco, and stuffing the slivers in a pipe. Beside him lay the china bottle on its side. He grinned at me, saying:

"Well—feel better after your snooze? Not much used to licker, eh? A couple of glasses, and down you go, under the table. Me and the woman finished the bottle, and I'm not touched yet."

I looked at him with loathing. In sunlight he was even more horrible than he had been in the mists—with his livid skin, and a ragged beard that fringed his jowls like seaweed—with his muscular white arms, and hairy calves sticking out of his rolled-up trousers.

Then I looked past him to the beach—to the water, with a yard or so of vivid green where the breakers churned the sand—then, beyond, the shimmering blue, dark under great clouds. Here and there a smack veered and raced before the wind; a flock of sea-gulls fluttered over the crests like blown bits of gray paper, now darting, vanished in a wave, then mounting with strong, slow strokes. All was tranquil, beautiful, as it had always been. I alone was changed.

I wondered whether I had power to walk. Simon seemed to read my thoughts, for he said, half-kindly, half with veiled menace:

"Lie still. You're groggy yet. What do you want to leave me for? Where could you be happier than here? Unless mebbe on the boards of a good ship—or, better still, down there—sum'mers—below. . . ."

He leered at me, and lighted the oily black tobacco in his pipe. It smoked up in a thick acrid fume that made him swear; then he added:

"I been thinking, now, of taking some'un back along of me, when so be I'm ready to go. That's my idea. What of it, lad? Don't like it much?" He choked with mirth. "But think—what could be finer than cool green water—over, under, all about you? Big black hulks of foundered ships to romp among—nice dark nooks to doze in—all sorts of queer sights, too—devil-fish, and sharks and big dusty crabs sprawling over the stones. And a lot of jolly sea-dogs like me and Cap'n Dan'l for company—doesn't that appeal to you, now?"

With lips chilled with horror I managed to say:

"No! No! I won't go with you!"

He watched the tears of laughter from his red-brimmed eyes, saying:

"Oh, you won't, eh? Well—but who asked you to? It's not *you*—you poor white-liver—that I want. What I want is a wife. That's the notion. There's wimmen, now, down there—but not my style. And that wench in the shanty—she's not so bad—but I like 'em fatter. Eh, boy?"

He leaned over to nudge me, but I paid

no attention; my ear had caught a sound, tiny, but significant. Only the faint, pastoral tinkle of a cow-bell, but it filled my heart with greater dismay than Simon Pembroke's blusterings. If it should be...

An instant, then I saw her cow come slowly into sight, stopping here and there for a mouthful of grass from the wayside—and then—just behind, cool and fresh and sweet, came Barbara herself, urging the animal homeward with a little switch. I could hear her low voice: "Now—Bessie—faster!" Then she saw me, and the red came into her cheeks, and joy with it.

"Phineas! Oh—I've been wishing I could see you, all day!"

I tried to leap to my feet, but I had forgotten the rum. I fell back, and could only stare up at her.

"Why, Phineas—dear; what ails you? You're not hurt?"

She bent as if to help me; then she saw the bottle—smelt it, perhaps, as well—and caught Simon leering at her with an evil grin. She went white as paper, and put her hands to her forehead.

"Barb'r—" I managed to stammer—"Mustn't mind—I'm a'right—meet m' friend—" and I waved vaguely toward Simon.

"Ah! This is more the kind I like," said Simon. "Meat on her bones. Sit down, missy; we was just talking of some one like you."

"Phineas, dear lad!" she repeated, catching her breath in a sob.

"M all right," I said, trying to get up.

"Sit down, gal," roared Simon. "Me and the boy's pretty near drained the bottle, but if there's a nip left, you're welcome. Here, come and sit aside of me." He caught her arm, but she drew it away.

"Help me, Phineas!" she cried, holding out both hands to me.

"Lem her lone," I blustered, managing to get upright. "Don' dare touch her!" I nearly fell, but recovered, and aimed a silly blow at his head. "Nev' fear, Barb'r—I'll help you!"

I must have been a ridiculous yet heart-moving sight, to her who had loved me, for she gave a low moan, then started to run. Simon pushed me aside with one buffet of his thick arms, and set out in heavy pursuit. She stumbled ahead of him along the path, until first one, then the other dropped out of sight below the hill.

As for me, I lay there, shamed, and wounded, and hopeless, until the stars came out, and there was only a vague blur where had been the path. I found then that I could walk, in a fashion, so I got up and started wearily homeward. When I came near Barbara's house, I saw a light across the path. Perhaps she was there; perhaps I could see her—could make her understand! But even as I hesitated, there was a low whistle near me. I flattened myself into the bushes,

(Continued on page 573)

W. L. DOUGLAS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$7.00 & \$8.00 SHOES

SPECIAL SHOES \$10.00 STYLISH AND DURABLE SHOES **\$5.00**

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

The best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the sole of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits. W. L. Douglas \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated. If not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Catalog free.



BOYS SHOES \$4.50 & \$5.00

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas shoes with his name and retail price stamped on the sole are worn by more men than any other make.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
151 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
FOR FALL AND WINTER
WEAR IN ALL THE LATEST
STYLES ALL LEATHERS ALL
SIZES AND WIDTHS



Great Blanket Sale

FINE WOOL BLANKETS
Beautiful grey, soft wool blanket, reclaimed by U. S. Gov't and absolutely free from imperfections. Full 66 in. x 84 in. size. Weight, 4 lbs. Order all you can see for you can't duplicate our special offer elsewhere at 2 or 3 times this price. Satisfaction guaranteed! Send 6c extra for each blanket ordered to cover mailing, packing, etc. Send order today!

ATLANTA ARMY STORES INC.
548 P. Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

\$2.95 Each—Act Quick!

You can be quickly relieved if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 358-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "The Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 30 years

B. N. Bogue, 4248 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

We Pay \$8 a Day

Taking Orders for Reversible Raincoat

Two coats in one. One side black raincoat—other side fine dress coat. Takes the place of an expensive top coat. Guaranteed waterproof. Latest style, brand new. Not sold in stores.

\$50.00 a Week Guaranteed
for 2 average orders a day

No experience necessary. No capital needed. All you do is to take the orders. We deliver by Parcel Post, and do all collecting. Your commission paid same day your orders are booked. Get started at once. Work full time or spare time. Easy to get orders on account of two coats for the price of one. Big season now on. Send immediately for sample coat to wear and to show customers.

Thomas Mfg. Co., R-198 Dayton, Ohio

MOTORS 1/4 HP

ALL SIZES MOTORS AND GENERATORS UP TO 5 H. P.

Large catalogues Mail Order Small Motor dealers in the world. Write for bargain catalog

CHAS. W. JOHNSTON - BOX 24, WEST END, PITTSBURGH, PA.

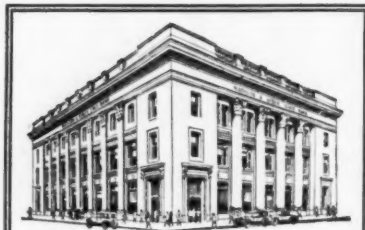
If you don't read Film Fun you don't get all the movie news

The November issue now being sold by your newsdealer

See the pictures of Coming Stars. Read what the Present Stars are doing. See how they do it on the other side of the world.

You get everything in Film Fun for 20c

At your nearest newsdealer: NOW



HOME OF INVESTORS BONDS

The New Way to Save

THE new way to save is to buy a bond on partial payments, thereby making your money earn 7% instead of 3%.

7% With Safety

Buy an INVESTORS BOND with a first payment as low as \$10. Each payment earns 7%. Your money is safe because INVESTORS BONDS are the same investments in which funds of the Madison & Kedzie State Bank, under State and Federal supervision, are also placed.

Put yourself on this new plan!
Write today for booklet No. I-140

The INVESTORS COMPANY

MADISON & KEDZIE STATE BANK BLDG.
CHICAGO

(Combined resources of The Investors Company and Madison & Kedzie State Bank, whose stockholders are the same, exceed \$5,000,000.)



Profits in Foreign Bonds and Exchange

THIS BOOKLET EXPLAINS THE FUNDAMENTALS which influence the Course of Foreign Exchange Rates and their bearing on the prices of Foreign Securities.

IT will interest all who now hold or contemplate their purchase.

Phone, write or call for Booklet A-100

MORTON LACHENBRUCH & CO.
42 Broad Street, New York

— MEMBERS —
Chicago, Detroit and Pittsburgh Stock Exchanges

12 or 24 Months TO PAY

For any active stock or bond listed on any Stock Exchange selling over \$5 per share.

The Liberty Plan of Partial Payments

is the best way to buy securities from one share up

Write for Booklet B-88

Russell Securities CORPORATION
Cunard Building
25 Broadway New York City

THE BACHE REVIEW

Clear, condensed information weekly, on situation in business and financial world. Valuable to investors and business men.

Free on application

J. S. BACHE & CO.

Members New York St ck Exchange

42 Broadway New York

Stock Options

Investigate the advantages and money making possibilities of this valuable method of stock trading. No margin is required and the risk is limited to their first cost. Contracts sold covering any amount of stock.

Describe the circular L in request

S. H. WILCOX & CO.
PUTS AND CALLS

Guaranteed by Members of the New York St ck Exchange
233 Broadway New York

Tel. Barclay 5216



LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43rd St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

THE throes of readjustment have been prolonged in this country by a deficiency in the spirit of co-operation in practical affairs. Everybody is primarily and naturally out for number one, and often so narrowly as to cut his own throat. If we are to have convalescence in the weakened business body there must be an earnest and harmonious attempt on all sides to cure the patient.

All persons whose acts of commission or omission are preventing the return to a normal basis are blamable. They probably do not so see it. The dearth of enlightened selfishness is somewhat extensive. Few discern clearly how closely we are all bound together and how the welfare of all is that of each. Some few cases of the want of the cooperative spirit as detrimentally affecting the nation at this time may profitably be considered.

Railroad workers have been balloting on the question of whether they should accept or reject the reduction of wages decreed by the Railroad Labor Board. Threats of a strike, at even this late date, against the official award, have been widely uttered. Although these men are receiving at the lowered rates, higher wages proportionally than many other bodies of employees, they show a disposition to decline their share of readjustment medicine, to wreck the transportation service, disorganize traffic, and plunge the country into confusion, disorder and grievous loss. Should they have the nerve to do this, they would damage themselves as well as the rest of the country inestimably, by adding a heavy quota to the burden of existing "hard times." Let us hope that no such almost criminal blow at the slowly

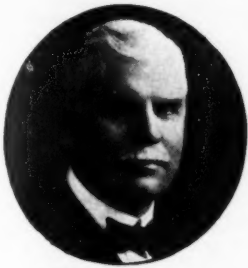
recovering prosperity of the nation will be dealt. The mere possibility of it has had its bad effects. A strike of this sort could not win, for it would exasperate public sentiment beyond measure.

In the building trade there exists a situation that cannot too strongly be condemned. Here is a colossal industry still seriously restricted by selfish profiteering; an industry which, if fully alive, would send quickening streams into many other channels. Before the World War tens of thousands of Americans contemplated erection of homes for themselves. The tremendous upward leap of labor and material costs was to the plans of these people like an elephant's foot

plunged into a flower bed. They had to defer building for a more favorable season. They are still able and eager to build, but they are awaiting the return of reasonable prices. Were those concerned in the construction of buildings throughout the United States to come down to a rightful basis of charges and profits there would soon be enormous activity in this field. The housing problem would be on the way to complete solution. Whether our exports swell or diminish, whether this, that or the other basic industry is particularly flourishing, the people must have shelter and will make desperate efforts to get it. Excessive rents, the bane of the hardworking and the thrifty, are maintainable simply because the rule of reason is trampled on in the immense building trade. Everywhere this state of affairs is discerned and parties to it, whether employees or employers, are to an extent foes of the national wellbeing. Of course, they do not realize this fact, being blinded by their own selfish views.

NOTICE

MANY readers have been inquiring, "What has become of 'Jasper'?" "Jasper" was the pen-name assumed by the late John A. Sleicher, when on July 6, 1889, he founded this department, which has now been in existence over thirty-two years and is the oldest feature of its kind in any American weekly newspaper. About nineteen years ago the present editor of the department joined LESLIE'S staff, became identified with its financial comment and correspondence and in course of time took exclusive charge of the department, though the name, "Jasper," was retained until Mr. Sleicher's definite retirement. The department's old-time policy of trying to tell the truth about securities, of warning readers against undesirable issues, and of aiding them to make sound investments is still being faithfully pursued.



WARREN S. STONE

President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Coöperative National Bank of Cleveland, Ohio, and President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The bank is the first ever owned by labor.



L. C. BABCOCK

Of Billings, Mont., President of the Yellowstone National Bank, which makes a specialty of developing the State's cattle industry. He is a highly esteemed financier.



W. M. RICHARDS

President of the Lake State Bank of Chicago and one of the youngest bankers in the Midwest metropolis. The bank under his live and extremely able management has shown phenomenal growth and prosperity.

Congress, too, cannot escape responsibility for much of the stagnation and demoralization that exists. The public is profoundly convinced that our tax laws are viciously complicated and injurious to business. But the majority of our lawmakers seem to have no comprehension of the task set before them. They are actuated mainly by the effects of things on their own political fortunes. The average Congressman is not overburdened with knowledge and understanding of economics and finance, and it is difficult to ding into him principles and facts that should have been mastered before he entered political life. A few intelligent and brainy leaders are striving to bring about the relief promised by the dominant party in matters of taxation. And they may be successful yet, but the slowness of Congress in mending our fiscal system is certainly hindering a more decided turn for the better.

In the pressing need of rehabilitating the country industrially and commercially arbitrary rules and mere technicalities should in no quarter be suffered to handicap production. No individual or class (so-called) or interest, or organization should be permitted to stand in the way of our getting back to prosperity. Troublemakers, whether radicals or conservatives, should go back to their dens until at least the practical difficulties of the present are composed. The American people have a right to prosper. They are destined again to prosper, more abundantly than ever before. It would be absolute nonsense to hold otherwise. But let us all pull patriotically together and hasten the march of development without too much friction and gee-hawing among ourselves.

The securities market readjusts itself in advance to business conditions. It is because these have not permanently and generally improved and are still in many lines backward and uncertain, though improving in others, that the course of prices has been so changeable. No stability and no boom can be expected until a sure upward trend in "general business" is seen. But, I repeat, buyers at to-day's prices of the sounder issues still have their opportunities. Every

good stock or bond bought now may be held, not only because of its immediate return, but because of its speculative possibilities.

Answers to Inquiries

S., CROOKSTON, MINN.: All the stocks in your list of six except Cuban American sugar are dividend payers. The outlook for General Motors common, Middle States Oil, National Enamelling, Famous Players common, and Retail Stores is such as to put them in the business men's purchase class rather than in the investment class. Should they continue dividends, as they may should business improve, the shares would be attractive at present market prices. Cuban American Sugar is not in the same class as American Sugar Refining Co. as to strength, volume of business, length of existence, stability or seasoned dividend paying. The sugar industry is suffering from a serious depression due to the readjustment process which is affecting all other lines of trade. Eventually there may be a recovery, but I would not at present buy a sugar stock which is unable to maintain its dividend.

H., ONEIDA, N. Y.: Allied Chemical & Dye Corp.'s stock at the existing price is a good business man's purchase, provided the dividend is not lessened or passed. The company is reported to be in sound condition, and if the dye manufacturing industry is sufficiently protected in the new tariff bill, Allied Chemical should do well. United Retail Stores is paying 6 per cent. on common and presumably earning it. However, as purchases for a woman I would rather recommend American Woolen preferred, S. O. of N. J. preferred, Union Pacific or Southern Pacific. Better still would be bonds of first class railroad and industrial organizations.

W., LESUEUR, CENTER, MINN.: Whether the St. Paul 4½s of 1925 are redeemed in cash when due or replaced with new securities their purchase at this time would appear to be an excellent speculation. Bethlehem Steel equipment 7s, are a good enough purchase even for a woman.

H., FLORENCE, KAN.: Among the best issues in the Standard Oil group are Standard Oil of New York 7s, due January 2, 1929, Standard Oil of California 7s, due January 1, 1931, Cheesebrough Manufacturing Co. 7 per cent. preferred, Standard Oil of New Jersey 7 per cent. preferred, Standard Oil of Ohio 7 per cent. preferred, and Atlantic Refining 6½s, due March 1, 1931.

S., PITTSBURGH, PA.: The last thing a woman with \$10,000 received on an stocks, the policy should do is to buy stock in gold and copper mines in Alaska. The history of mining in Alaska does not encourage any such risks as that. It takes many years to make a mine profitable, and most such undertakings, no matter where they are started, prove failures. Put your money into sound, dividend-paying stocks or first class bonds. Safer for you than U. S. Steel common or Pennsylvania would be U. S. Steel preferred, U. P. common, Atchison, N. Y. Central, or Southern Pacific. Still more dependable would be N. Y. C. 7s, Westinghouse 7s, U. S. Rubber 1st and ref 5s.

L., RICHMOND, VA.: All sorts of financing concerns are being organized and not all of them can hope to succeed. I would rather put money into some sound railroad or industrial stock or bond than into the shares of these new corporations, whose business is rather precarious.

R., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.: Southern Railway common and Cuban Cane Sugar preferred are not paying dividends and cannot be classed as good investments at present price. Both stocks may have a future, but at a time when you can buy shares of well-established and still dividend-paying companies it would be unwise to risk your dollars on unproductive shares. The dividend payers are just as good speculations as the non-dividend issues. You will make far more money on them in the end than on non-dividend ones.

B., MILFORD, MASS.: I have recently been warned by a very shrewd business woman in Texas, who is well conversant with the oil fields, that the best thing the average man or woman in the North can do is to let alone the stocks of all new, low-priced oil ventures in her State.

Y., ALLIANCE, OHIO: While there is no prospect of immediate payment of City Service bankers shares dividends in cash, the scrip is selling for a good percentage

Lower Odd Lot Charges and Lower Partial Payment Terms

The premium charged on the purchase of from one share up to 100 shares has been reduced from ¼ to ⅛ point in the case of 54 listed stocks—

And our monthly payment terms have been lowered also so as to enable investors to avail fully of prevailing attractive prices for sound stocks.

We are "Odd Lot Specialists" and will be glad to send a copy of our revised Partial Payment Plan upon request for Booklet L W-72.

CHARLES H. CLARKSON & Co.
66 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
TEL: BOWLING GREEN 4020-26

Safeguarding Your Future

FINANCIAL independence is simply the result of foresight, of systematic investment.

Begin by taking advantage of our Monthly Installment Plan. Industrial and financial inactivity has caused practically all stock prices to decline. You may now purchase sound securities at remarkably low prices.

No matter how limited your means, our plan permits investments that should yield you substantial profits with the return of normal security prices.

A list of secure stocks of high yield will be sent on request. Write for List 198-D.D. and free booklet fully describing our plan.

DUNHAM & Co.
Investment Securities

43 Exchange Place, New York
Telephones 8300-16 Hanover

WITH SAFETY
by investing your savings in our Miami First Mortgages.

8%

Your funds are protected by 200% security and by every safeguard of conservative banking. Write today for Booklet B-22. G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co. Miami, Fla.

W. S. S. Stamps for sale at post offices, banks and a multitude of other places. Look for the letters.... **W. S. S.**

Saving and Investing

The habit of putting a portion of one's earnings in the bank at regular intervals is the basis of thrift. There is no better way of acquiring this habit of saving at regular intervals and making thrift most profitable than

The Twenty-Four Payment Plan

A start with a few hundred dollars, or even less, may be made by investing in high-grade dividend-paying securities under the terms of this plan. The choice of securities in which the full earning power of money invested may be utilized is facilitated through our **FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW**.

Write for Free Copies of LW-719.

E. L. WITTMAYER & CO.

Incorporated
Investment Securities
42 Broadway New York

Every Investor and Trader
Should Have This

Ready Reference Book

Giving high and low prices of all active stocks and bonds, for the past month, mailed free on request for B-106, together with current issue of our Investment Survey No. 206. Send for our Booklet, P-306, showing how to invest your savings.

SCOTT & STUMP

Investment Securities

SPECIALISTS IN ODD LOTS

40 EXCHANGE PLACE NEW YORK
Offices in Seven Principal Cities

Under This Heading "Free Booklets for Investors"

on this page you will find a descriptive list of booklets and circulars of information which will be of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety. A number of them are prepared especially for the smaller investor and the "beginner in investing."

PATENTS Secured

Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest References. Write TODAY. J. L. Jackson & Co., 137 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Instructive, helpful. **WRITERS' DIGEST**
652 Butler Building Cincinnati

PEANUTS

4 pounds large shelled Virginia peanuts and receipt making Candy, Butter, Salted Peanuts, \$1.00 post-paid; or 3 pounds of same fresh roasted, \$1.00, packed in sanitary sack, guaranteeing satisfaction.
GATES PEANUT CO., Gates, N. C.

Trunks, Bags, Suitcases

Why pay two middlemen profits? Buy from factory direct. Send for free catalog.

MONARCH TRUNK FACTORY, SPRING VALLEY, ILL.

of its face value, and if the owner of shares cares to hold the scrip I think he is sure of getting face value some day. These shares are not an investment, but a fair speculation. A new concern handling mortgages cannot as yet have gained for itself high standing. It may be backed by good and honest men, but every organization must be given time to prove its capacity for making money and rewarding its clients.

B., ASHTABULA, OHIO: Willys-Overland common, Tennessee Copper, Merritt Oil and Retail Candy are all in the speculative, non-dividend paying class. Willys-Overland Co. is gradually working out of its difficulties. Tennessee copper has not a very bright outlook as yet. Merritt Oil should have a better prospect when the oil industry revives, as it is expected to do. Retail Candy is in good hands, and is reported to be making progress, but it seems to have a long distance to go before it pays dividends.

D., BLISSFIELD, MICH.: The River Raisin Paper Co. reports good earnings and liberal dividends, and so the bonds seem secure.

R., FERDINAND, IND.: It seems probable that American Steel Foundries will be able to continue its dividend. Of course, you know, the dividend on Southern Railway preferred has been deferred for the present. I would not set a time limit, but I am confident the day is coming when both Steel Foundries and Southern Railway preferred will sell higher than they do today. It must be so, because this country is bound to prosper once more and both these organizations will be earning and paying dividends. Of course General Motors' future depends on business conditions, but I am getting to be optimistic about these and I feel that General Motors coming at present price is a very inviting speculation. The stock is paying a dividend and making a fine yield on market price.

J., GLASTONBURY, CONN.: Allis-Chalmers common is in quite active demand on the exchange and I regard it as a very excellent business man's purchase. The company's reports are favorable and it bids fair to maintain the dividend. It looks as if the Goodyear Tire & Rubber common stock were rather a long-pull. I have much confidence in the reorganized company. It seems to be under excellent management, and with business conditions readjusted, this big corporation should prosper. I do not look for dividends very soon on the common stock.

B., NEW YORK: Middle States Oil has had more success than the majority of the companies whose stocks are selling now at moderate prices. In spite of what was considered at one time its none too conservative course the corporation has held its own remarkably well and is paying a liberal dividend, which it may maintain if the oil industry should revive. The corporation is extending its holdings and is aiming to become a large enterprise. The stock might be regarded as a very fair business man's purchase.

L., PETERSBURG, IND.: While an investment of \$1,000 by a widow of moderate means in Westinghouse stock might work out all right, it would be safer for her to purchase Westinghouse 7 per cent. bonds. She might consider also the new Northern Pacific-Great Northern 6½s, American Tel & Tel conv. 6s, Montana Power 5s, New York Central 7s, and U. S. Rubber 1st and ref 5s.

J., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Among well rated issues are the Equipment 6 per cent. Gold Notes of the Atchafalaya Railroad, the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the C. B. & Q. Railroad, the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, Great Northern Railway, Norfolk & Western Railway, Illinois Central Railroad, New York Central Railroad, Chicago & North Western Railway, Delaware & Hudson Co., and the Michigan Central Railroad. These have been quoted recently at prices to yield 5.75 per cent. to 5.8 per cent.
W., TAOR, NEW YORK: The book value of Allis-Chalmers was some time ago computed at \$71, of Ameri-

can Agricultural Chemical at \$135, American Can Com. \$137, American Car & Foundry Co. at \$204, American Locomotive Com. \$210, American Woolen Co. at \$210, U. S. Steel Com. at \$272. Not all of these are at present paying dividends, but you can compare these values with current prices and get a fair idea of the speculative possibilities there must be in many leading stocks today.

Free Booklets for Investors

With an initial payment so small as eight to ten dollars one can purchase on the partial payment plan a Miller first mortgage bond yielding 8 per cent. One can deposit as much more as he likes and receive 7 per cent. on each payment until the bond is paid for. This is an excellent opportunity to buy, with ease, securities based on valuable income-producing property, maturing serially and strengthened by monthly payments by the borrower. These bonds are being distributed by G. L. Miller & Co., 121 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., who will send to any address their interesting and informing booklet, "Selecting Your Investments" and also the story of Lucy Farrar, a successful investor, together with details of the company's partial payment plan.

The widespread interest in this country in the currency and obligations of foreign lands makes timely and useful a booklet, "Profits In Foreign Bonds and Exchange" issued by Morton Lachenbruch & Co., 42 Broad Street, New York. The booklet explains the fundamentals which influence foreign exchange rates and their bearing on prices of foreign securities. To obtain a copy of it ask the firm for Booklet A-100.

Those who are interested in puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange, and furnishing certain advantages in stock market operations should send to S. H. Wilson & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, for a copy of their descriptive circular.

The "Bache Review" never fails to satisfy the reader who is seeking sound information and reliable suggestions in the commercial and financial fields. A copy of this highly valuable weekly can be obtained by writing to J. S. Bache & Co., members of N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, odd lot specialists of long standing, announce lower odd lot charges and lower partial payment terms. The premium charged on purchase of 1 share up to 100 shares has been reduced from one-quarter to one-eighth point in the case of 54 listed stocks. Clarkson & Co. have revised downward their monthly payment terms also, to help investors to purchase stocks at prevailing attractive prices. A copy of the revised partial payment plan will be sent on request for booklet LW-72.

That sound stocks are at present still very cheap is the opinion of most leading authorities. Purchase of good issues may safely be made in the various classes. Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, 40 Exchange Place, New York, are of the opinion that good railroad issues are the most inviting purchases just now. For this they give reasons, and a selected list of rails which they consider outstanding opportunities, in the current issue of their "Investment Survey," which any applicant may have.

William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York, offers to send his booklet L explaining the operation of puts and calls to any interested reader.

If there is to be a bull market this year, many observers are confident that the leaders will be the rails. What foundation there is for this E. M. Fuller & Co., members of Consolidated Exchange, 50 Broad Street, New York, have presented in their "Market Review." The current issue of this publication also contains, among analyses of railroad and industrial companies, a complete analytical report on United Retail Stores, which owns nearly all of United Cigar Stores. This good reading for interested persons. Write to Fuller & Co. for LW-76.

Canada's Japanese Problem—(Concluded from page 547)

pot. Then you remember that wherever white people on the North American Continent are in direct touch with the Japanese the same situation is to be found. California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia. All along the coast there is the same sentiment, the same fear.

But no! Canada will not be at the conference. Or if there, only as a representative on the British delegation. Canada, whose national problems are peculiarly identical with our own, who sees the East as we see it, will not be present as a nation. The reason advanced is the one that was used in argument against separate Dominion representation in the League of Nations; that the Dominions would vote with Great Britain on all issues and thus give the British Empire an overwhelming majority. Perhaps. Certainly Canada, through Premier Meighen, did not play Great Britain's game in London last summer. Canada then played the game of a nation with a

thousand miles of Pacific Coast line which wanted permanent peace and understood that it could be attained only through co-operation with the United States. Knowing war as intimately as the nation does, Canada wants peace and Canada's problem is ours; Canada's fear of war is identical with ours, and Canada and the United States must work together at Washington for the removal of the causes of that fear. It is unthinkable under the circumstances that Canada should not have at least proper representation on the British delegation. It is unfortunate that the country will not be there as a nation.

It was my privilege to see a personal letter from Premier Meighen at the London Conference written to an intimate friend in Western Canada explaining his acts and commenting on the Washington Conference which grew out of them. One statement I think I may properly quote. Speaking of the Conference the Premier wrote: "It dare not wholly fail."

Spawn of the Sea—(Continued from page 569)

and waited. Then the light moved from the window; I heard a step on the porch, and voices. Barbara's first.

"Here I am, sir. I have done what I promised."

Then another—Simon's—answered. I could not make out the words, but I heard the two voices alternating—earnestly—confidentially—for what seemed eternity—though it was perhaps only ten minutes. Then I heard Simon say, louder, as if further away:

"All right. I'll look for you to-morrow at sundown, on the wharf. And—on your life—don't fail me, Missy. And no blabbing!"

Barbara's reply was only a whisper, but I caught it. "I'll be there, sure!" Then Simon Pembroke passed me, humming an atrocious sea-ditty, so near I could have touched him. Then I saw the light in the house move from room to room, and at last go out.

Chilled by the night air, and sick at heart, I crept home. In the air was a feel of rain; half a dozen drops splattered in my face, then a soaking downpour. It kept up all night long, and I heard it—and the clock striking all the hours—tossing; thinking in circles, doubting where I most loved, until the drenched dawn had come. Then at last I slept, and it was midday when I awakened.

I was no nearer a plan of action than before, but in the late afternoon I conceived the idea of going to see Liza Fox—probably because I divined that she too might be suffering. At my knock her door flew open, but her face went cold at sight of me. Under the crudely daubed rouge her cheeks were ashen-gray.

"Come in," she said. "You're not with a message from him?"

"I know nothing at all about him," I answered heavily.

"Ah—then he's not changed his mind? When he was here yesterday he gave me a ring—he promised to take me along with him—"

"To take you?" She took my surprise for scorn.

"Ay—poor as I am—he promised. He's good at that. And I'd have done well by him. He gave me a ring to wear. And then, last night, he came in a fury, and made me give it back. 'I want a wife as has meat under her skin!' he said. Then he took a bottle, and flung me a coin, saying, 'I've found one I want at last'—and was gone—"

She began to cry, and her cheeks were furrowed by tears.

"And I'd a gone through hell for him—and would yet—" she moaned, rocking herself. "I don't care *where* he came from!"

I looked at my watch; it was seven. With a curious new sense of resolve I left her. "To play a man's part in the world"—the phrase was Simon's—henceforth it must be mine as well!

I got my boat, and put it about for Northport Pier. The rain had stopped; the sky was clear, but for a brown stain of sunset, but the False Point siren was roaring, which meant that a sea-fog was drifting in. It had not reached the wharf—the lights shone clear. And there, waiting at the water's edge, I could make out Barbara.

As quickly as I could land my boat, I hurried toward her. At sight of me she turned away, and began to walk swiftly along the beach. Then she stopped, for I was close, and calling her name. She turned, but did not meet my eyes. Instead, like a child found out in wrongdoing, she hung her head. I saw she was crying.

"Look at me!" I said. "What does all this mean?"

"Go away, Phineas!" she said in a low voice. "It is life and death to you! You must go!" She put out her hand to ward me off, and I saw on it a queer gold ring, tarnished with green like the coin.

"Where did you get that?" I demanded harshly.

"Listen, Phineas! You *must* go away! I can't explain, but you are in deadly danger. Go—and remember this—I—always loved—"

Just then I heard footsteps crunching the stones behind us. We both turned, to find Simon bearing down on us like a fury.

"Oh-ho! There *has* been blabbing—after all I said. I gave you full warning, Missy. Now you'll see!"

With a horrible grin, so that his fangs gleamed, he leaped upon me. I felt his hot, rum-laden breath, as he laughed because of the easy triumph he would have. But I was not the helpless wretch of the day before, on the hillside. There was a strange new power in me, as if at one stroke all the shackles of immaturity had burst from me.

So as he leaped, I put all the force I could summon into a blow, which landed on his jaw. It was a chance hit, for I know nothing of fisticuffs—but its effect on Simon was almost laughable. For a moment he teetered back and forward, trying to balance himself—then his knees folded up like a hinge, and he crumpled into a sitting posture, from which he gaped at me open-mouthed.

"Give me that ring!" I said to Barbara. Without a word she put it into my hand, and I threw it on the sand.

"Now be off!" I said to him—"you and all your silly lies!"

Without resentment he got up, pocketing the ring. Then he said:

"Wait! You'll see if they're lies—you and the missy here," and with that he was gone, walking barefoot along the shore.

"Phineas!" said Barbara, touching my arm. I shook her off.

"Not yet," I said bitterly. "There's too much needs explaining."

NAME	POSITION	SALARY
John	AUTOMOBILE ENGINEER	\$125 A WEEK
	REPAIR MAN	\$50 A WEEK
	CHAUFFEUR	\$40 A WEEK

Put Your Name on This Pay Roll

Men like you are wanted for the big-pay positions in the fascinating field of automobile engineering. We have made it easy for you to fit yourself for one of these positions. You don't have to go to school. You don't have to serve an apprenticeship. Fifteen automobile engineers and specialists have compiled a spare-time reading course that will equip you to be an automobile expert without taking any time from your present work.

Auto Books 6 Volumes Sent Free

Now ready for you—an up-to-the-minute six-volume library on Automobile Engineering, covering the construction, care and repair of pleasure cars, motor trucks and motorcycles. Contains everything that a mechanic or an engineer or the owner or prospective owner of a motor car ought to know. Written in simple language that anybody can understand. Taste-fully bound in American Morocco, flexible covers; 500 pages and 500 illustrations, tables and explanatory diagrams.

A Dime a Day Not a Cent in Advance.

First you see the books in your own home or 7 days' examination, shipping charges collect. If I decide to buy I will send \$2.50 within 7 days and the balance at \$5.00 a month until \$25.00 has been paid. Then you will send me a receipt showing that the books and the 15% Consulting Membership are mine and fully paid for. If I think I can get along without the books after the seven days' trial, I will return them at your expense.

If you like the books send only \$2.50 in 7 days and \$5 a month until \$25.00 has been paid. Along with the set goes a year's consultation membership in the American Technical Society (regular price \$12.00.)

AMERICAN TECHNICAL SOCIETY Dept. A-477, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the 6-volume set of Automobile Engineering for 7 days' examination, shipping charges collect. If I decide to buy I will send \$2.50 within 7 days and the balance at \$5.00 a month until \$25.00 has been paid. Then you will send me a receipt showing that the books and the 15% Consulting Membership are mine and fully paid for. If I think I can get along without the books after the seven days' trial, I will return them at your expense.

Name.....
Address.....
Reference.....

TELL TOMORROW'S Weather

White's Weather Prophet forecasts the weather 8 to 24 hours in advance. Not a top but a scientifically constructed instrument working automatically. Handsome, reliable and everlasting.

An Ideal Present

Made doubly interesting by the little figures of Hansel and Gretel and the Witch, who come in and out to tell you what the weather will be. Size 6 1/2 x 7 1/2; fully guaranteed. Postpaid to any address in U. S. or Canada on receipt of

\$1.25

Agents Wanted DAVID WHITE, Dept. 136 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Standard Underwoods

5-Year Guarantee

Yes, this genuine Standard visible writing Underwood newly rebuilt, at much less than factory price, yours for \$5.00 down and then easy monthly payments.

\$3.00 DOWN

10 Days FREE Trial Try it for 10 days at our risk. Money back guarantee. Send now for free book Big Bargain offer.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM 2677 Shipman Building SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO. Chicago, Illinois

Cuticura Soap

—Imparts—

The Velvet Touch

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.



Write now for
1922 Basch Diamond Book

Diamonds at Pre-War Prices

Write today for the new
1922 Basch De Luxe Diamond Book. Diamonds back to Pre-War Prices. Note these reductions:
1-4 kt. now \$34.50, was \$45.00 2-4 kt. \$110.00, was \$147.50
1-6 kt. now \$72.50, was \$95.75 1 kt. \$147.50, was \$197.50

We are diamond importers. We sell direct to you by mail at importers' prices eliminating middlemen's profits—35% to 50% saved on local store prices. And now with prices slashed to pre-war levels (while retailers are still clinging to big profit prices) you can make additional big savings.

Free Examination—Money Back Guarantee
Every diamond sent on free examination. We take the risk and pay all charges. We also guarantee to refund in cash full price less 10% if you wish to return your diamond. We allow full price in exchange for another diamond at any time. Every diamond fully guaranteed.

FREE 1922 Basch De Luxe Diamond Book—Write
See the sweeping reductions in this new Basch Book. Rare bargains also in watches, jewelry, diamonds, etc. Tell how to judge a diamond. A postcard or letter brings it, free—write now.

**L. Basch & Co., Dept. G3600 State & Quincy St.
Chicago, Illinois**

Let Us Send You

2 lovely winter weight knitted Princess Slips for only 95c. A smashing offer. The season's greatest sensation. Order today sure. Don't send one penny now. We will ship them by return mail prepaid.

On Approval

Every woman should have at least two of these extra warm Princess Slips knit in soft elastic rib from carefully selected double threads of combed cotton yarn. Lovely crocheted beading at neck and shaped waist. Color: Oxford gray with contrasting stripes. Bust: 34 to 40 inches.

2 Knitted Princess Slips 95c
Prepaid
Worth \$1.00 Each

This smashing reduced price good only while our present supply lasts. Wonderful opportunity. Hurry or you may be too late. Send your order in this very minute to avoid disappointment.

SEND NO MONEY

No, ma'am, just your name, address and size is all we want. You pay only our slashed price of 95c for two slips on arrival. Rush your order in. Your money back if you are not delighted. You risk nothing.

POSTAGE PAID

We pay delivery charges. Another big saving. You pay only our slashed price of 95c on arrival of goods. The greatest value getting offer ever known. Order today at our risk. State size.

Big Catalogue Mailed Free

BERNARD-HEWITT & CO.
Dept. N 2610 CHICAGO, ILL.

INVENTORS. Who desire to secure patents should write for our guide book, "HOW TO GET YOUR PATENT." Send model or sketch and description and we will give our opinion of its patentable nature.
RANDOLPH & CO., 785 "F," Washington, D.C.



Wrestling Book FREE

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world champion Farmer Burns and Frank Ketch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong. Live thr. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. Rush your order.
Farmer Burns, 2207 Range Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

PATENTS. WRITE for illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 813 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

"There's but little to explain," she answered, "except that I love you. You'll never know how terribly he threatened—"

"He threatened you—and you were ready to be off with him!"

"No! No! It was *you* he threatened! He would kill you—he would drag you down to worse things—'down under salt water,' he said. He caught me, yesterday, and made me promise to meet him last night. He gave me this ring then, and forced me to say I'd marry him. If I hadn't, he said he would kill you within the hour. So I promised—and I came here—but I intended to kill myself—the moment you were safe—"

Hysterically she broke off, and crept into my arms for comfort, and wept there. And as she clung to me, the fog closed down on us with its ghostly silence. Each wharf-lamp had a silver halo about it, and far away, like a harp-string, the siren of a steamer making port quivered in our ears.

"But—look! Phineas—" Barbara cried suddenly. "See there!"

He was only a little way from us, but not alone. Clinging to him, with rapture written over her face, was Liza Fox.

"He's waving to us," said Barbara. But it was not to us—it seemed to me he was semaphoring with his thick arms, as if to some one hidden from us by the mists—a boat, perhaps.

"Don't you hear oars?" asked Barbara, but I motioned her to be silent; a singular thing was happening. Simon Pembroke had taken Liza by the hand, and together they were walking out into the water—he barefoot, and she keeping pace, though her fantastic skirts ballooned about her knees. On they went—the water crept up—up—until, perhaps mercifully, the fog blotted them out, and it was as if they had never been.

"Was there a boat?" began Barbara, but her voice wavered, and she clung fearfully to me, while the fog swirled about us, and a sea-gull fluttered close past our ears with the shriek of a soul in mortal terror.

Is Our Brain the Organ of Thought?

(Concluded from page 562)

cent book on "The Unconscious," says:

"There are no psycho-physiological localizations; localization is purely fantastic. . . . There is no strict parallelism between the biological and the psychological sequence; the latter *transcends* the former."

Facts such as these seem likely to upset all the established theories as to the relation of brain and mind, and raise a question as to whether the brain *is* the organ of thought, in the sense which we had supposed. Certainly, the older view will have to be largely given up. The

facts point rather to this conclusion: viz., that mind *utilizes* the brain, as an organ, for its manifestation, just as the pianist uses the strings of the piano, and that, when these strings are broken, the music stops. However, by a clever manipulation, music is still evolved by means of the other strings. Similarly, these newer facts seem to show us that mind can utilize the brain, and that, if one portion of it is destroyed, it makes use of *other* portions. That is, mind is independent of the brain, and merely *uses* it as an organ for its expression in the material world.

Motor Department—(Concluded from page 566)

sale, represent a safe and sound used car investment. Such a car is the type which should be selected by the man who desires to make a quick purchase of his first car and who feels that his initial driving experience should be obtained from one of less value than would be represented by a new car.

The service obtained from such a car, whether it be rebuilt or secured from a dealer who pays no attention to its present condition, should not discourage the novice. A second-hand car is less responsive than is a new car, and by very reason of its worn condition may prove a more difficult vehicle to learn to control. No car is so easy to learn to drive as a new factory-adjusted vehicle in which responsiveness to the accelerator, brakes and steering wheel is well-nigh perfect.

Thus, while the new owner may be wise in selecting a second-hand car from which to obtain his driving experience, he will have a veritable treat in store for him when he in turn exchanges that for a new car with all the added refinements which the developments of the past few years have brought forth.

The reductions in the prices of new cars which have been announced during the summer months have naturally had their effect on the second-hand market, and to-day used cars can be bought at temptingly low prices. With many such cars, however, the first cost is not the last cost, and with a year's use they may develop overhaul, repair and upkeep expense greatly in excess of the initial price of the car; the owner will soon realize his mistake and will understand that a higher priced new car is well worth the difference in cost. A second-hand car is in reality a better investment for the seasoned motorist, accustomed to caring for his own car and able to detect difficulties before they become serious, than it is for the novice who, during the first few months of driving experience, will find a real need for a car in perfect condition.

(Erratum.—In the Motor Department of September 25th there was published a picture of a Boston Fire Department pumping engine, captioned "When the Brakes Failed to Hold." The editors are informed by the company which manufactured the engine that the accident described in the main caption was not due to any failure on the part of the brakes, but to the error of the driver—a beginner, who by accidentally stepping on the accelerator caused the machine to drop into the Charles River.)

"You and Your Work"

A new department in Leslie's Weekly

EVERY one of us has an ambition in life—a heart-burning, driving desire to reach some fixed objective. Magazines are like persons, they have hearts and souls—and ambitions!

The ambition of LESLIE'S WEEKLY is to render *real service* to its readers—TO YOU!

But the same identical service will not be of equal value to every reader. To one, the Motor Department is most valuable, to another it will be the Investor's Bureau. Others will get their greatest return from other features of the magazine.

Now LESLIE'S sees another opportunity for service and that is the reason for the new department—"YOU AND YOUR WORK."

If you haven't got a job and want to get one; if you have a job and want to keep it; if you want to better the job you have—you will welcome sound, experienced and practicable advice that will help you toward the goal.

The business of getting a job is a definite sales problem and an expert, systematic study of this problem, at close range, has revealed the kind of methods that produce real results.

This homely problem of getting, keeping and improving a job is a vital, fundamental one to most men and women throughout the country. Because it is one of the real and inescapable problems of life, and because of the basic policy of LESLIE'S WEEKLY to be of real, helpful service to its readers, LESLIE'S will inaugurate in its issue of October 29th, the new department—"YOU AND YOUR WORK."

It will be conducted by Mr. Jacob Penn, who has made an intimate, exhaustive investigation of employment from every angle. He knows his subject and has the ability to convey what he knows to others. His observations and advice are not based upon theory but upon actual, practical experience.

First, the problem of "How to Get a Job" will be discussed in a series of meaty articles—not the usual line of "success talk," no bunk, but specific, simple, clear advice as to how to proceed to get employment. Then will follow the other phases of the problem, in logical sequence.

To many thousands of our readers this will be of tremendous service, of real value. It may mean more, even, than getting a job—real, permanent success in life. Watch for it, read it and then tell your friends who will profit from it, to read it, too.

There is one garment that is positively essential in the wardrobe of every man who works or plays outdoors—the sweater coat!

It is light; it is warm; it permits complete freedom of action; it does not wrinkle or crease with rough handling, and—if it is the genuine Collins Coat—it wears like iron. The genuine Collins Coat is 100% pure wool. Two fine yarns are used in the knitting, instead of one coarse yarn as is usual. The result is, not only a finer, softer, handsomer fabric, but one that holds its shape. And the color is *fast-dyed in the wool*. The result is a garment closely woven and firm of texture, yet thoroughly elastic, as thick and warm as if loosely knitted by hand, but richer and more finished in appearance—and as light as a caress. It does not stretch out of shape; its soft, smooth surface will not catch and tear—we confidently believe that nothing in knitted goods can outwear it.

There is a descriptive, illustrated booklet which tells you how to judge sweater coats and also fully describes the genuine Collins Coat, which will be sent upon request by the W. E. TILLOTSON MFG. COMPANY, 334 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

